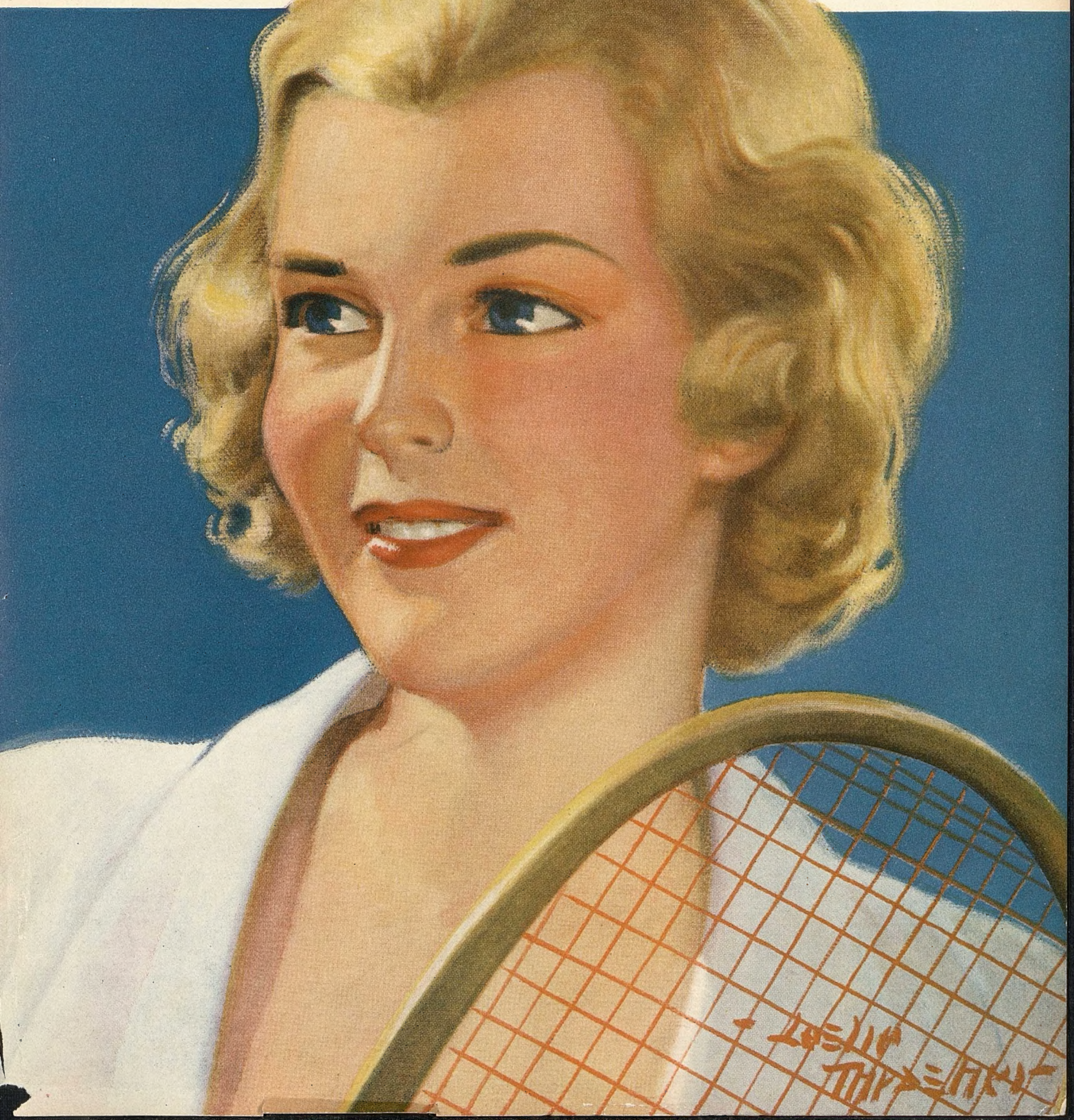
Will Japan Try to Conquer the United States
By **General William Mitchell**

WEEK ENDING JUNE 25, 1932

Liberty

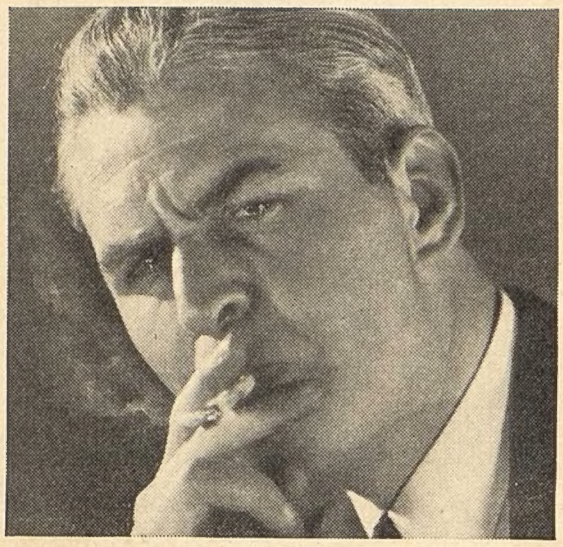
5¢ THE COPY

America's

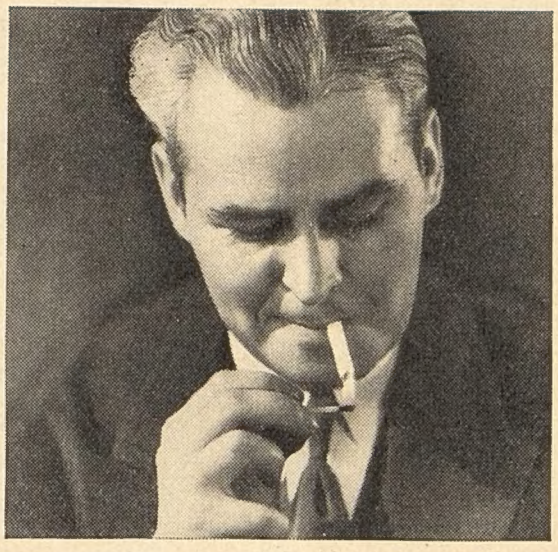


What you must do...

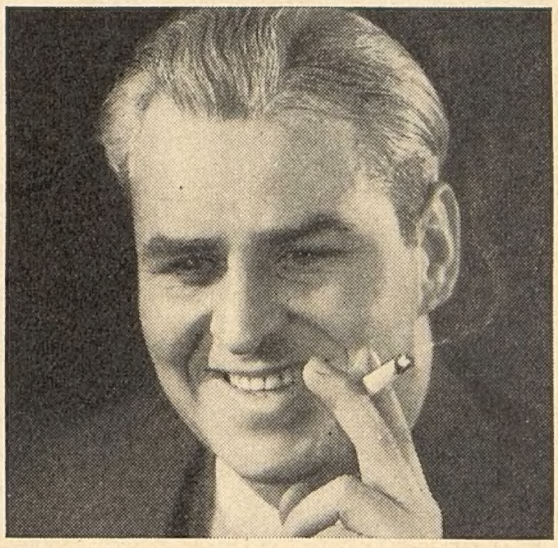
to get MOUTH-HAPPINESS



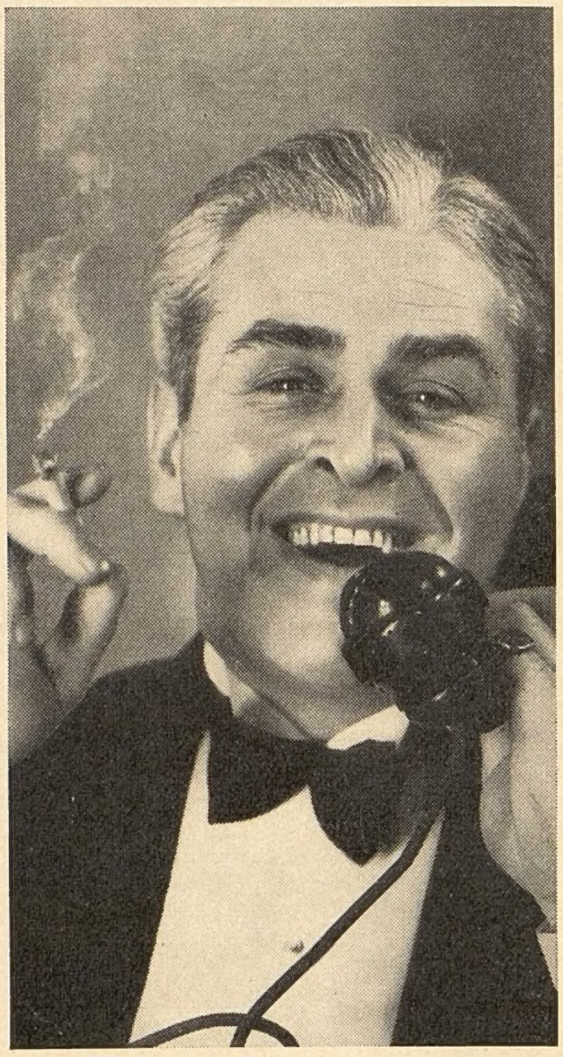
1 ***Forget your surprise*** at your first puff on a Spud. Certainly, it's cool! That's the menthol. But wait.



2 ***Smoke through one pack.*** Watch the menthol taste disappear. Notice how the *coolness* remains.



3 ***Now, start a second pack.*** No noticeable menthol sensation at all. Instead, a swell cool tobacco taste.



4 ***Now, you've arrived . . .*** at the full tobacco enjoyment of the confirmed Spud smoker. Now, your smoke-fun always leaves your mouth marvelously fresh and clean. That's it . . . mouth-happiness. Isn't it worth a little argument with Old Man Habit?

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

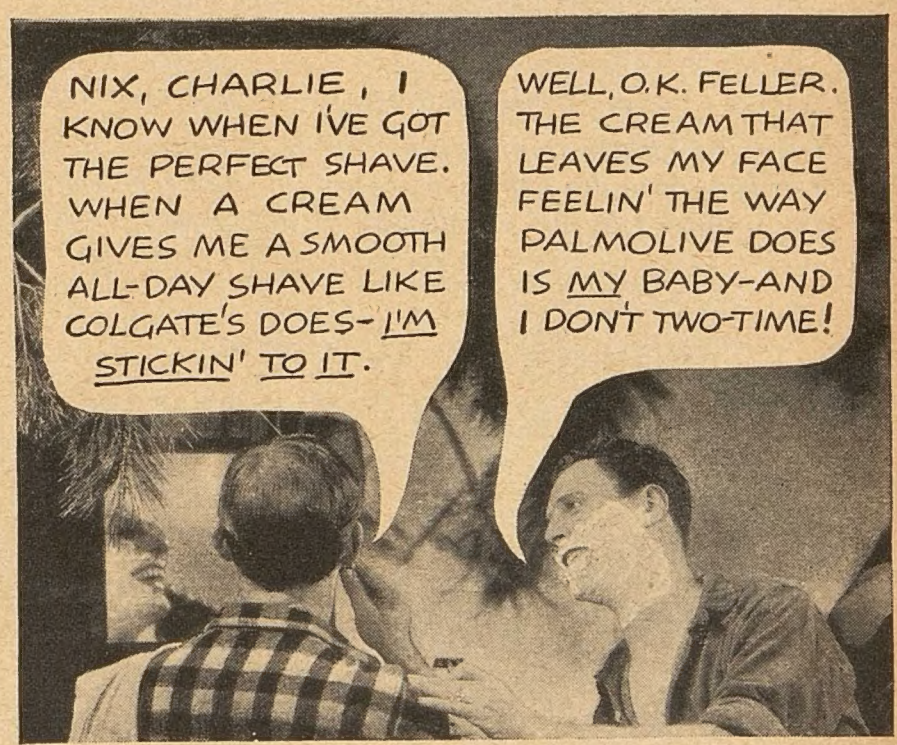
(30c IN CANADA) · THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Help us end this $25,000 argument

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

Write a "blurb"—464 prizes this month!



LISTEN to this argument, men! It's just the kind of argument you're likely to hear any time—in any part of the country.

Millions of men like Charlie and Butch have made Palmolive and Colgate's shaving creams the biggest sellers in the world. The overwhelming leaders in a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Colgate users swear there's nothing like it. Palmolive shavers are "sold solid." What's *your* slant? Are you with Butch or Charlie? Are you for Colgate's or Palmolive?

Write a "blurb" and let us know. Read over the "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths above. Then say *your* say—in favor of Palmolive *or* in favor of Colgate's (not both). Write in one of the empty "blurb" spaces at right, or better on a separate sheet of paper. Just "horn in" on the argument—in your own words. Get your pencil out—now!

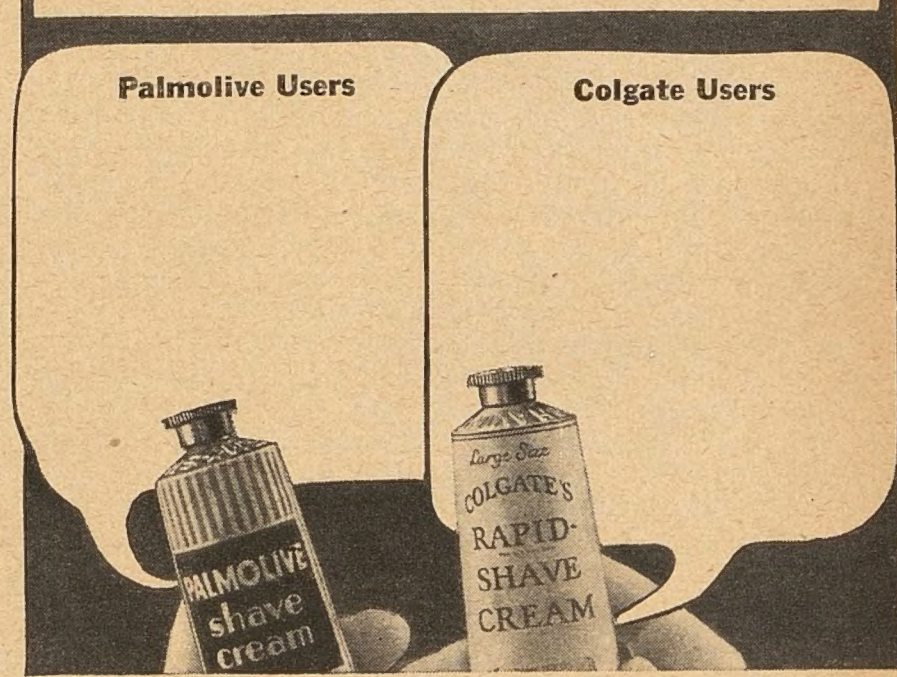
Write your "blurb" here, men!

Get some of that $25,000

What can you Colgate users say to help Butch out? Or what can you Palmolive shavers add to Charlie's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money!

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-6, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 . $4200	Mar. 31 . $4200
April 30 . $4200	May 31 . $4200
June 30 . $4200	July 31 . $4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

All contributions shall become the property of the manufacturers, to be used as desired.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some of the reasons why more men prefer Colgate's and Palmolive than any other shaving cream.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

JUNE 25, 1932

Liberty

VOL. 9 No. 26

America's Best Read Weekly

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

"THIS IS WAR," SAYS GENERAL PERSHING

In a recent magazine article General Pershing maintains that we are in a state of war. And there are no dissenting voices. Leaders everywhere maintain that we are in the midst of an economic war that is much worse than real war.

And yet we are trying to remedy this revolutionary situation with the rigid, immovable restrictions of civil and constitutional law.

It cannot be done; war should be declared just as it is when we are attacked by an outside enemy. The enemy on this occasion is within.

There is no use trying to deceive ourselves. Unless something can be done to remedy the appalling situation we are now facing, revolution may be upon us at any time.

General Pershing said in a recent address in Paris that we are being governed by a lot of cheap politicians. And when we view the antics of some of our lawmakers at Washington we are inclined to agree with him.

What we need now is martial law: this is no time for civil law. The President should have dictatorial powers. The edicts of the Constitution do not interfere with a general when he is fighting a battle; and the Constitution should not interfere with the remedies which are essential to get us out of this appalling depression.

But this is not a military war: this is a business and economic war. Financiers, business men, bankers—every man of affairs is afraid to move; no one knows what is coming. With the possibility of throttling taxes, "What's the use?" is his attitude.

What are the outstanding causes of the present appalling situation?

The want of confidence on the part of business men everywhere is the specter that is scaring the investor and the promoter and every man who is an important factor in the business world. And we will have to admit that one of the principal causes of this lack of confidence is the legislative situation at Washington.

And there is the unemployment problem. It will gradually grow worse with the "soak-the-rich"—which means "soak-business"—attitude of legislators everywhere.

What effective remedies could be used in the serious emergency that we are now facing? What could be done by a dictator with powers of a military nature?

He would first make every possible effort to increase the confidence of men of affairs in the future of the country, to make business men everywhere realize that the government intended to encourage, assist, and protect them in every possible effort they might make.

And with this end in view he would first of all eliminate the income tax. It has often been referred to as a racket; it robs active business men of their well earned rewards. There are innumerable methods adopted by men of wealth to avoid payment of income tax.

Next, he would remedy the unemployment evil. He would guarantee every man work. This could be done!

With the return of confidence, naturally additional jobs would be created. But there would still be millions out of work.

To every man who could not find work in the industrial centers he would give one or two acres of land with a shack or a tent and the crude implements necessary to dig in the soil to earn his own food. The dole that has been started in many cities in this country is an outrageous disgrace. Everybody should be made to work or else they should not be allowed to eat.

Next, he would tax idle capital, idle lands; every dollar would be made to work; activity would be demanded everywhere. If lands were not used, they would be taxed sufficiently to compel the owners to use them or turn them over to others who would use them.

With everybody at work the danger from revolution would disappear overnight. Idleness breeds disorder, discontent, and even desperation when hunger is an added irritant.

Now the huge indebtedness and the appalling yearly expense of our federal government must be raised through taxation. But with Constitutional restrictions out of the way bootleggers' profits could be confiscated and be made retroactive; billions could be raised by taxing liquors to the full limit.

And then a greatly reduced sales tax could be utilized—just enough to make up the amount needed.

This would insure the government all the money needed; it would make business men realize that our government was being handled by intelligent executives.

And all other throttling taxes should be nullified.

Then there would no longer be the want of confidence which has been the principal cause of the severity of the present depression.

And the grafters should have the proper amount of attention. Most of the evils from which we are suffering at the present time, governmentally and otherwise, are due to the demoralizing influence of these grafting, scheming mountebanks.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

your FACE can't take a holiday

YOU'RE planning a week-end in the country, or a Summer abroad. New clothes . . . new scenes . . . new friends!

But—your *face* can't go on vacation. It's your chief representative to your world—whether you're in Pleasantville or Paris, at a dance or at your desk. And you can't *change* your face, as you do your frocks, or *locale!* But—you *can* give it a lovely, natural-toned finish which clings without clogging—and that, you know, is the very fine Face Powder made by Coty!

Coty Face Powder offers you *twelve* skin-true tones from which to make a selection. Doesn't *your* one and only face deserve this care? *Today* would be a good time to choose the delicately fragrant Coty tone that's an accurate twin to *your* coloring . . . Remember, too, Coty's delightful Dusting Powder! *"Poudre aprés le Bain"* if you prefer it in French; certainly you'll prefer it in use, it's so pleasant after your tub—so *cooling* after sun baths. In *waterproof-base* box, with lamb's wool puff.

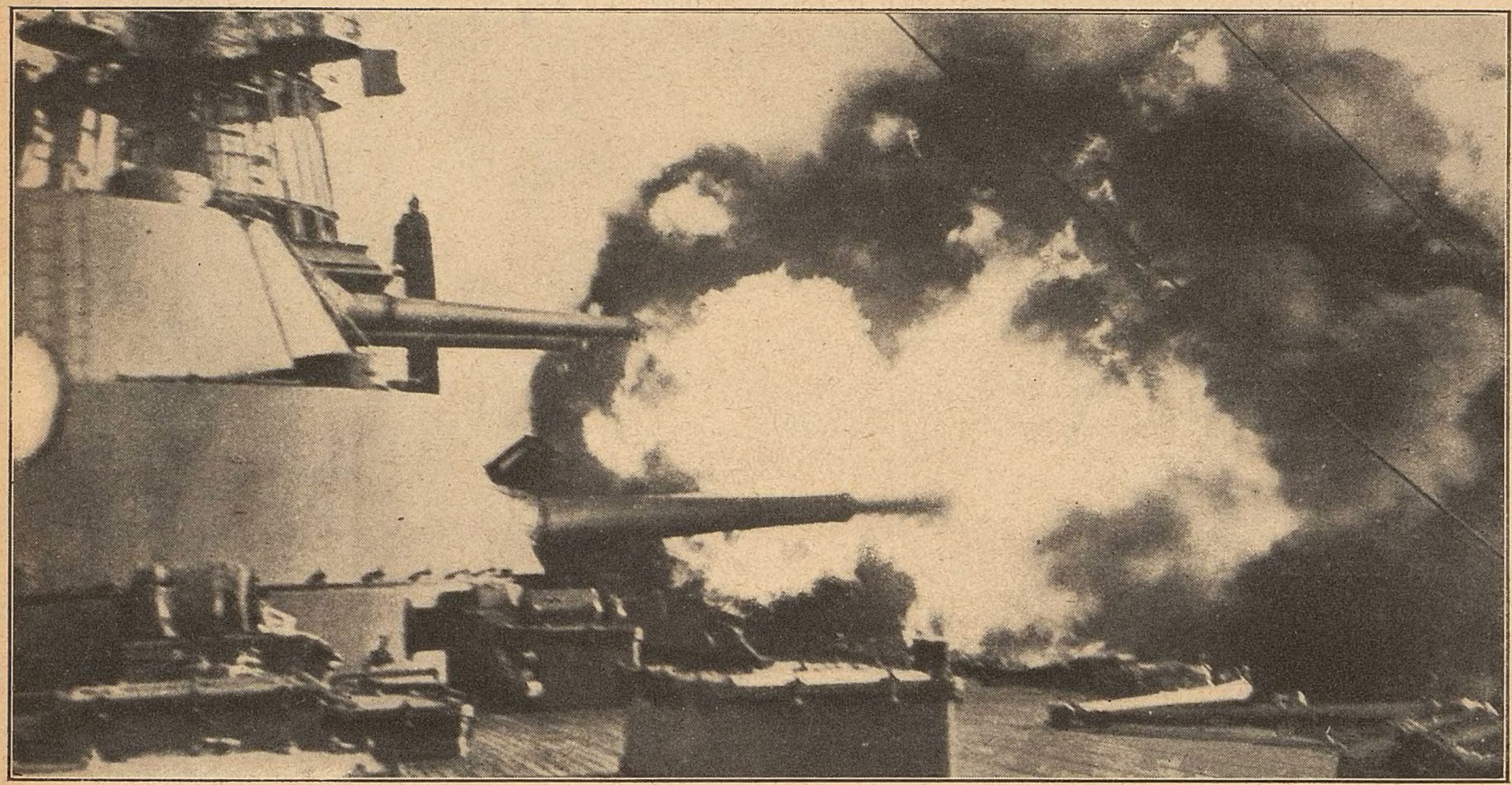
Look for the powder-puff box! It's your guide both to Coty *Dusting* Powder, $1.50, and to Coty *Face* Powder, $1.

Coty

Will JAPAN *Try To* CONQUER *the* United States?

A Military Expert Appraises Our National Defenses and Stresses the Danger of Our Present Unpreparedness

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL
Former Commander, Air Forces, A. E. F., and
Director, Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army



Wide World photo

We have "an obsolete navy based on battleships," says General Mitchell. Here is one of them firing a salvo.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE United States is faced not only with the possibility of war with Japan in the comparatively near future but with the extreme likelihood of it sooner or later. For several years Japan has been working to isolate the United States from Europe so that, in the event of war, assistance will be difficult to get from that quarter. She has also been attempting to make arrangements with European countries so that in the event of the partition of China they may benefit commercially, again with the idea of keeping us out. So while we have been chasing the butterflies of international debts and the will-o'-the-wisp of disarmament, not paying particular attention to the Pacific or ourselves, Japan has been strengthening her position all the time.

While the Japanese have not had the experience in war that Western nations have, and are probably not yet endowed with physical and material resources that will enable them to compete with the greater white nations, still they are working almost with desperation to make themselves the strongest military power in the world. Their principal aim in doing this is in order to fight the one great white nation on the Pacific Ocean, that is, the United States.

Wide World photo

Our airplane carrier Lexington, bows on. "Airplane carriers are largely a delusion and a snare," says General Mitchell.

It therefore behooves the American people to consider with seriousness and care what our national defense should be. It is costing us about one-third of our total federal income, and we should expect from this enormous expenditure to have a really efficient national defense. Such, however, is not the case. The United States, compared to other nations, has not modernized her system of defense since the European war.

Several bills have lately come up in Congress providing for a distinct change in the whole plan of our national defense. Measures of this nature have been introduced into the Congress ever since the end of the European war, but the strength of the bureaucracies and the lobbies of the army and navy in Washington have prevented any change in our methods.

It must seem strange to the average person that the army and navy themselves would not adopt every means and expedient to make national defense matters better and bring them up to date, but history shows that regular armies and navies have invariably stood directly across the path of progress and stopped any change in their ancient methods and systems. Progress has always come either through the action of individuals in the military

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WILL JAPAN TRY TO CONQUER THE UNITED STATES?
Continued from page seven]

services in direct opposition to what might be termed the "mossbacks" who are almost always in control, or from persons whose training has been outside the professional military services, whose elasticity of mind and conception has remained unstultified by constant reference to fixed rules and regulations.

It is almost impossible to teach the officer personnel of a regular army or navy anything new in the art of war. They go to their academies, are taught what happened in the wars of the past, and taught to follow the regulations drawn up for the conduct of wars, and if anything comes up which is not found, we may say, on page 32, paragraph 4, of the regulations, it just can't happen. But those who win the wars are the ones who do what mossbacks think are absolutely impossible things. They are the ones who, instead of looking backward, look forward and divine what will happen in the future.

Never in the world's history has such a great chance for constructive military organization presented itself as is the case at this time. No longer are we confined to a slow-moving, earthbound organization, nor to those tied down in their operations to the water. The air covers both the water and the land.

Should a nation today, with its rapid means of communication by electricity and by air, water, and land, gain military control of the highways which supply great centers of population of the world with food and other necessities, it could as easily dominate the whole world, in other words, rule the whole known world, as could the ancient nations in their day. The world today is six times as small, judged by the rapidity of transportation, as it was in our Civil War, only seventy years ago.

Should a nation such as Japan establish herself firmly on the continent of Asia, from which she can draw all the necessary supplies, then begin conquering one place after another, she could prohibit them from having any air forces or submarines and merely exact a tribute each year, allowing them to keep whatever military force they need, such as armies and surface navies, for the handling of their own domestic problems, insurrections, or incursions of their neighbors. Imagine how easy it would be to control the whole earth if one nation had all the air forces and submarines. Had Germany completely defeated the Allies in the last war, she undoubtedly would have had world empire now.

Naturally, as people live on the land, it is the place where military pressure has to be exerted. But in an offensive campaign across the sea, instead of having to embark on a boat, go across the water, subject to all the perils and vicissitudes of such an operation, then disembark and, by a slow and laborious process, arrive at the vital objectives, aircraft with their terrific weapons can go direct.

OUR citizens, steeped in the mad race for money which has occurred particularly during the last few years, have paid little attention to how they are going to keep this money after they have obtained it. History and human nature show that whenever a nation or people become inordinately rich, abandon their means of protecting their wealth, and think that by words, written instruments, treaties, or a lot of "hot air," they can keep these gains, they invariably lose them and lose their independence. The United States is dangerously near that state.

National defense is one concrete proposition. It is designed to protect the people of the nation, their institutions, systems, ideas of living, and their general pursuit of happiness, from outside foreign aggression. It is a physical thing, as distinguished from an ethical or literary instrument. Wars are not undertaken by individuals or groups, but are the expression of the will of a whole nation.

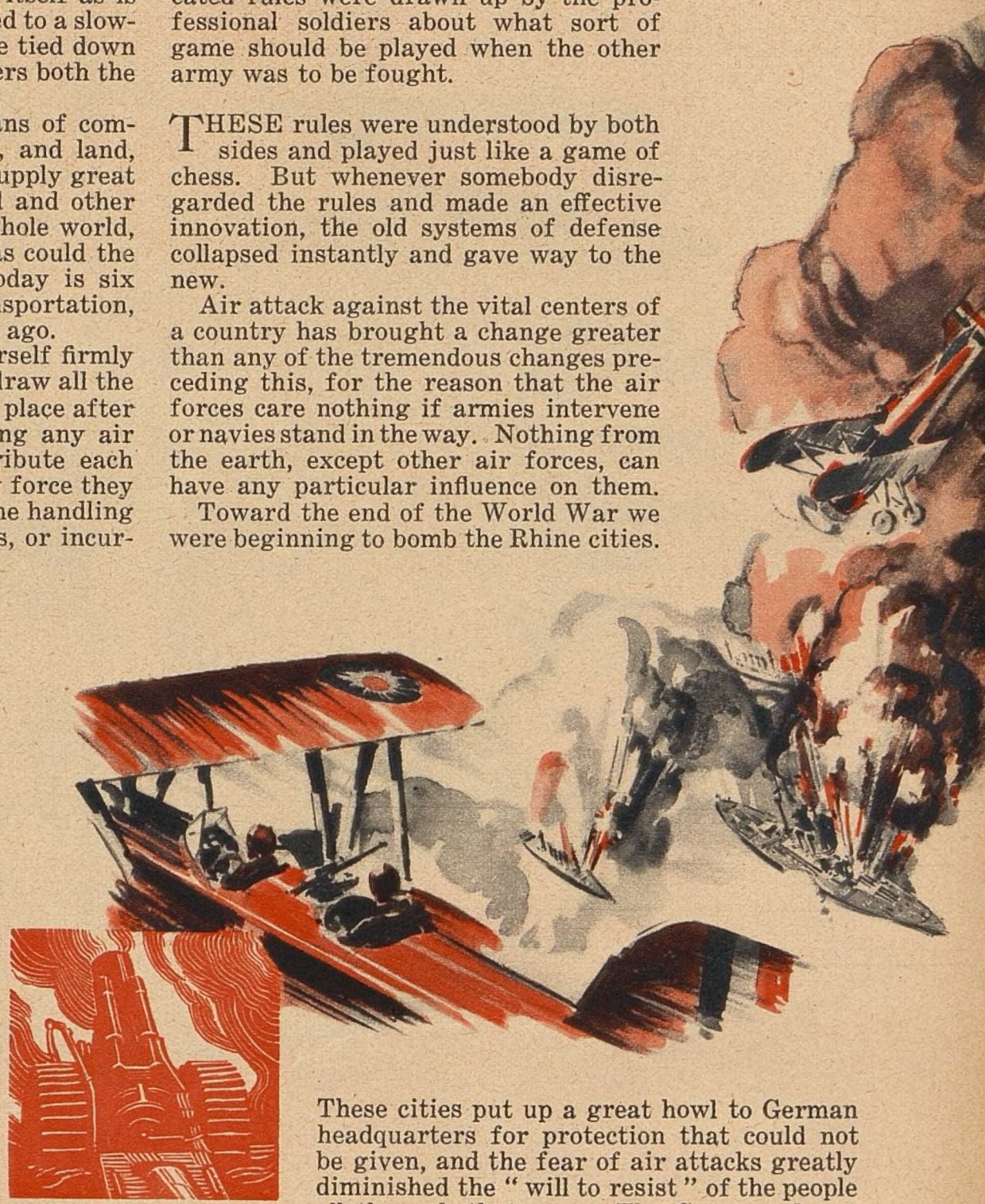
In ancient times the means of defense could be hastily prepared when it was practically a contest of man to man, with weapons such as a club, a stone ax, a stick of wood charred and then sharpened, a steel knife, a shield. The men who excelled in the use of these weapons were those who had been taught their employment from the time they left their cradles.

But now things are entirely changed. Everyone composing the nation is brought into its service when war occurs. The women, children, and old people cultivate the fields, and the men work in factories to produce war-making equipment on the one hand, and, on the other, have this equipment put into their hands and are organized into what we call armies. An army means—or rather meant, before the coming of aircraft—a human wall thrown out to protect the vital centers of a state from the incursions of the army of an opposing state. Gradually the theory grew up that the primary object in war was the destruction of the hostile armed forces. The whole idea of the supply points and cities being the primary object was completely lost sight of, and the most complicated rules were drawn up by the professional soldiers about what sort of game should be played when the other army was to be fought.

THESE rules were understood by both sides and played just like a game of chess. But whenever somebody disregarded the rules and made an effective innovation, the old systems of defense collapsed instantly and gave way to the new.

Air attack against the vital centers of a country has brought a change greater than any of the tremendous changes preceding this, for the reason that the air forces care nothing if armies intervene or navies stand in the way. Nothing from the earth, except other air forces, can have any particular influence on them.

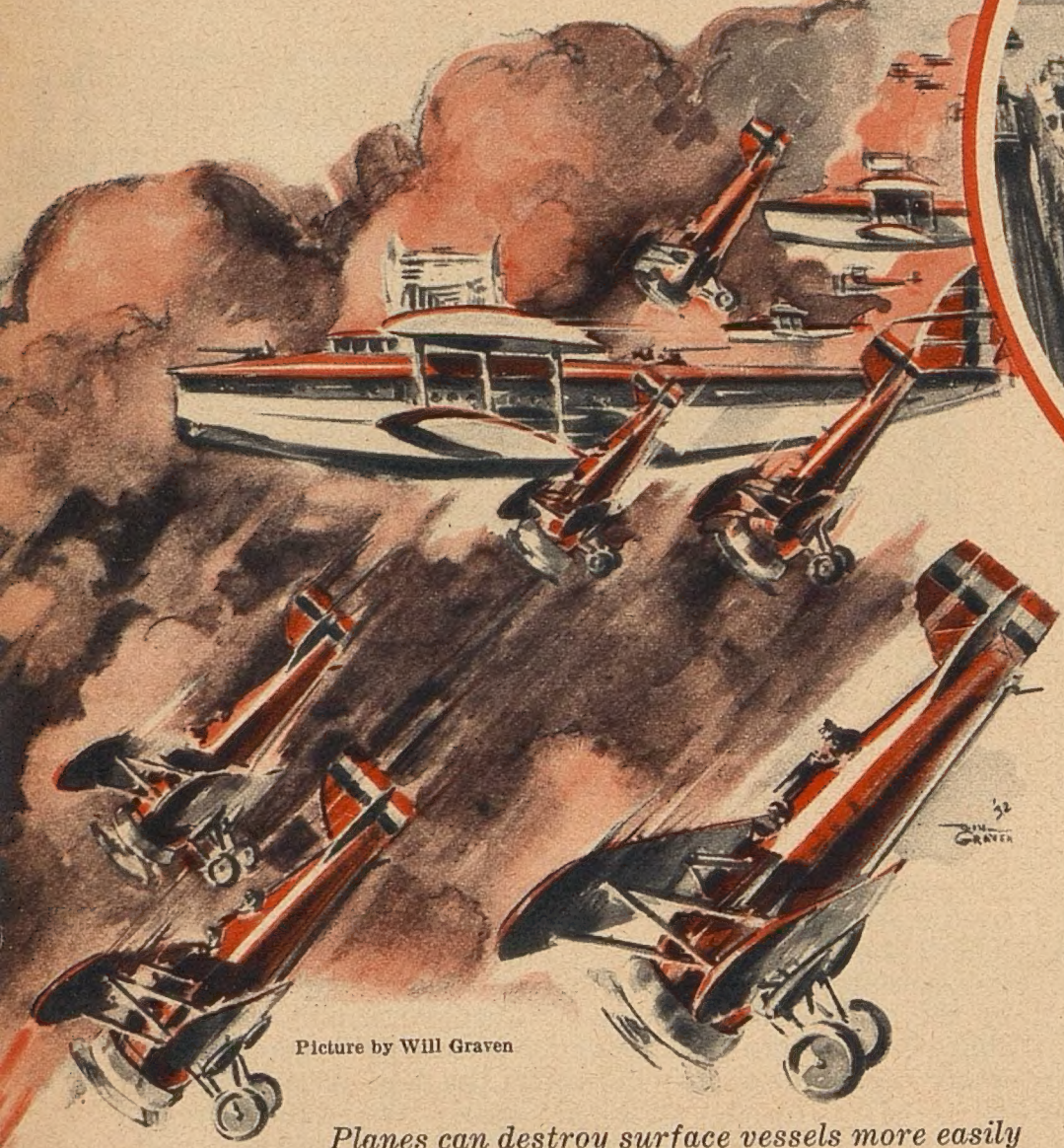
Toward the end of the World War we were beginning to bomb the Rhine cities.



These cities put up a great howl to German headquarters for protection that could not be given, and the fear of air attacks greatly diminished the "will to resist" of the people all through that area. The Germans knew we were assembling great air forces for the bombardment of all their cities and supply points in 1919, and this fact was one of the determining reasons for their giving up the war.

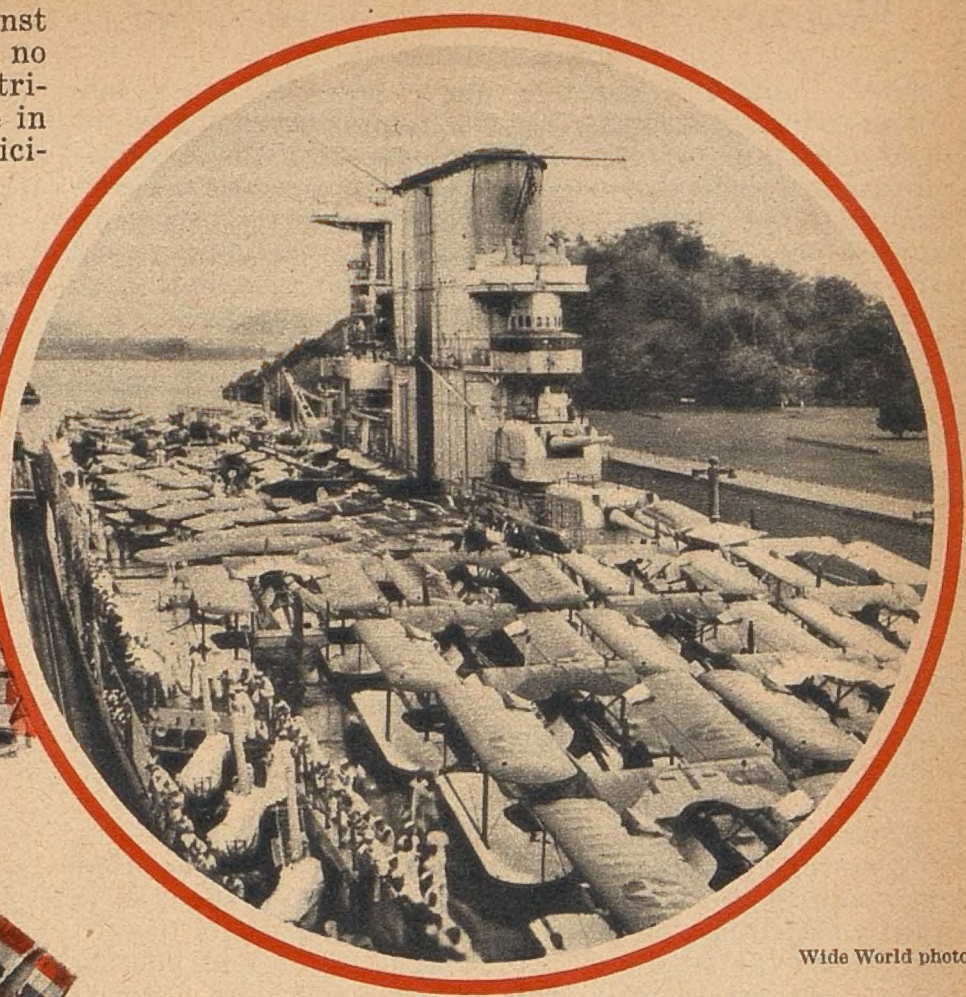
Armies, which have been in a state of arrested development since the invention of gunpowder, now find themselves practically unable to move because the defensive power of machine guns and artillery is so great that eight or ten men, protected by shields and concealed from view, can hold off one hundred attacking them. So the army people have tried to make the world believe that by putting shields around machine guns and cannon, and mounting them in automotive vehicles, tanks and trucks, they

can overrun an opposing army. It cannot be done against well equipped and instructed troops. Armies can no longer defeat and destroy other armies except by attrition. To attempt a decision by armies, as was done in Europe, means the utter exhaustion of all the participants in the combat. Armies can dig holes in the ground and sit there and keep anybody else from running over them. They can overcome domestic insurrections, or poorly equipped partisan forces, or second-class countries, but to advance and take a vital point over the land against a highly organized enemy is today an impossibility without the action of air forces. In other words, an army must be organized to hold the land; it can do nothing else.



Picture by Will Graven

Planes can destroy surface vessels more easily than the musketeer destroyed the armored knight.



Wide World photo

The airplane carrier Saratoga in the Miraflores locks of the Panama Canal.

A navy formerly was a means of transporting soldiers from place to place. Navies were then part of armies. They were impelled by oars and it could be told where they were going with certainty. Where enemy nations depended on sea-borne commerce for their means of subsistence, navies were used to cut off their sea communications and consequently starve them.

WITH the coming of sails the movement of navies became very uncertain. They depended on the whim of the wind. As their enemies on the water did likewise, hostile fleets seldom found each other, so the navies were used to fall on and plunder rich, comparatively defenseless places. Usually only when an army had to be transported or supplied across the seas were there fleet actions. The navies of today draw their inspiration from the battle of Actium in 31 B. C., or the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

Since the coming of steam it is possible to tell with some degree of certainty where ships can be sent and the time it will take them to get there. Naturally they should be coördinated with the other war-making power, the army, to work to the best advantage. In the meantime, however, navies have worked up such a strong political machine that it is well-nigh impossible to bring them back under a central control. They have an organization throughout the world much as the knights did in the Middle Ages. A knight in one country advocated the same principles that a knight in any other country did. They all stood together on the proposition that the completely armored man on horseback could overcome any number of armed churls who rose against him. Things changed when an unarmored man came walking along with a musket and shot a fat knight in the stomach. With a yell he fell off his horse just from the impact, hit the ground, and, unable to move because his armor was so heavy, smothered. The gun was held by all the knights to be a terribly inhumane thing, and they thought people using it should be outlawed.

NOW the navies are in much the same position. They try to hold on to their obsolete system of battleship fleets. In this program they are assisted by the shipyard interests and the purveyors of steel, coal, and oil. They maintain strong lobbies in practically every nation. The navy lobby in Washington is the most powerful of those maintained by any interest. Remember, this lobby is maintained to keep up a navy, not to keep up national defense, and a navy which is founded on battleships and other surface vessels.

The airplane can destroy the surface vessel more easily than the musketeer destroyed the knight. We know what we are talking about because we have done it. The navy, however, having obtained political control of any change, puts out false propaganda constantly against the power of aircraft. This fools nobody except our own people.

There is one strong weapon at sea, the submarine. First tried in the World War, 1914-18, alone and unaided it almost overcame the British Empire. Despite the great and costly navy which the British had designed to protect their lines of communication by sea routes to all their important supply points, the German submarines destroyed more than half their merchant marine and sank many of their fighting ships. England was on the verge of starvation when the United States entered the war.

During this contest the Germans had only an average of thirty comparatively primitive submarines all at sea at one and the same time. They were operating out of poor ports almost shut in by the British Isles, and acting in shallow water, which greatly handicapped them. Now submarines can carry any kind of guns, torpedoes, gas-projecting apparatus, and even aircraft. They can go

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Continued from page nine

clear around the world on one charge of fuel. Their menace to surface vessels is constantly increasing as improvement takes place. To keep up an archaic naval system is to delude our people with a false sense of security and to turn their money into the coffers of the profiteers.

If we are going to use our money for the development of shipping, let us not only put it into an up-to-date navy with Diesel-engine cruisers and submarines, but also into merchant ships that will bring us back the billion dollars or more we are spending annually on foreign steamship lines for carrying our goods.

It is quite a serious question whether the Navy Department should not be turned into a Department of Marine, to handle not only the navy but all the commercial shipping as well. In order to make ships pay they have to be heavily subsidized by the government. The principal excuse for this is their use in national defense as transports and cargo carriers. So much money has been invested by our citizens in foreign steamship lines that considerable opposition always presents itself to any arrangement which will give back to the United States the merchant marine which it had before the Civil War.

THE young giant of the whole national defense family, however, is air power. Its limits are so vast that they are only in the realm of conjecture. Their effect is to change entirely the military relation of nations to each other and the whole method, system, and art of making war. As an example, before the coming of aircraft England was a "tight little isle," easily defended by its dominating fleets. But now narrow water areas offer no obstacle to aircraft, and as England's population is so concentrated, it has become one of the most vulnerable targets in the world to air attack. It is more vulnerable than France or Germany.

It has been demonstrated that true objectives in war are the places where people live and work and from which they draw their supplies. Air forces, by causing the evacuation and neutralization of these vital points, will bring a war to a very speedy conclusion. If a hostile air force caused the evacuation of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Chicago, it would be very difficult for the United States to carry on a war or its ordinary manner of living. During the last war the scattered air raids of Germany over England caused all lights to be turned out at dusk. Whenever aircraft were heard, people were huddled up in cellars and caves, or they completely left the cities and spent the night out in the fields—suffering hardships which brought about a great deal of sickness. Think of what this condition will be in a future war when enormous projectiles, high explosives, and gas will be employed!

The fluid or air in which aircraft move is seven or eight miles deep now. It may be ten or fifteen miles deep in the next few years. In other words, aircraft can operate now at 35,000 or 40,000 feet. To find and destroy them is a practical impossibility. Therefore we shall find that in future wars all available aircraft will be thrown at the enemy's vital points at the very beginning, so as to hit him first. This blow will probably decide the war. If it fails, there can be no recourse to a defensive. No trenches, bombproofs, or holes can be dug in the air. Antiaircraft artillery or machine guns, nets spread out in the air attached to balloons, defending aircraft, or any other means of attempting to protect a ground area against aircraft, is largely money thrown away, as aircraft cannot be stopped. Of course a few airplanes may be brought down, but the air forces of the future will be counted by thousands instead of by hundreds. A nation confined in a narrow space, such as England or Japan, is terribly vulnerable to air attack, as distinguished from a nation like the United States or Russia, where the population is distributed over a wide area.

When a nation engages in war against a very powerful adversary, every effort made must be coördinated and arranged. Each branch and element of the national defense must know just what its particular job and duty is. To accomplish this there should be one head for the whole national defense, instead of having a Secretary of the Army and a Secretary of the Navy (and no Secretary of the Air at all, as is the case in the United States). There should be a Secretary of National Defense, with subsecretaries for the air, land, and water. Each branch of the service should have its own particular mission; that is, the navy's mission or job should be to protect the water areas, the army's to protect the land areas, and the air force's to protect all the air areas. We in the United States have no specific mission by law given to the army or navy, and there is no air force at all. What air service there is is assigned to the army or navy, with no coördination in its work. There are different equipment, no doctrine of air war, and no leadership. All plans for the employment of military forces—which means air, land, and water—should be under the Secretary of National Defense, and a single commander should be selected for all operations.

Our battleship fleet maneuvering off Lahaina,

AS things stand in the United States, there is continual trouble between the army and navy. There is supposed to be an Army and Navy Board to coördinate their work, but, as we all know, boards are long, narrow, and wooden. They never get anywhere and usually end up with a long debate when something has to be done at once.

The last time I was in Honolulu, the officer in command of the army would not speak to the officer commanding the navy. They would not go to the same official functions or have anything to do with each other. What planning was done was done entirely separately, and it was a perfectly foolish and dangerous performance. Still, nothing has been done to prevent a recurrence of such a thing, by providing for a single commander in that area.

The procurement of all personnel and supplies common to the services should be under the Secretary of National Defense. At present the army, the navy, the marines, and the coast guard maintain individual recruiting services in large centers of population. One single organization could perfectly well handle these, resulting in a saving. In the last war, when the draft was made under the direction of the Secretary of War, the navy, without any reference whatever to the officer handling the draft, enlisted men in the Naval Reserves in factories, and when they were called for service, told to report at a certain

Acme photo

Hawaiian Islands. In the foreground is the New York.

place at a certain date, they said, "No, we belong to the navy," and remained in the factories throughout the war.

All bulk raw materials, such as steel, iron, rubber, wood, and various chemicals, should be purchased by one source under the Secretary of National Defense, instead of having the army and navy and others compete for them, as is now the case. Cannon, guns, and rifles for all the services should be made by one organization. At present the army has arsenals and the navy has arsenals. No particular check is kept on each one. The waste and duplication is tremendous.

In military operations, however, the greatest gain in efficiency would be obtained by creating an air force independent of the army and navy. It has been proved in all countries and in all places that the army and navy are absolutely incapable of developing an air force of maximum value for the money and effort put into it. This has been particularly so in the United States, where a colossal failure has been made of our aëronautical development during this administration. This has been done against the advice of the most experienced airmen in our country.

NO other civilized country in the world today allows its army and navy to have control of its air power. The air force in all first-class powers is coördinate in power and position with the army and navy. It has a definite mission to perform—of defending the air areas. If air forces are trained with an army, they are made to think first of the infantry and second of the air. If they are trained with the navy, they are made to think first of the battleship and second of the air. What an airman should think is first of the air and second of the forces on the ground and water. Our system is merely a case of the tail wagging the dog.

As the power of aircraft is now so tremendous and has such a great bearing on military operations, some of our old ideas of the strategical value of certain places must be changed. The Panama Canal is of paramount value to ocean shipping, but if the value of a navy is reduced through the advent of air power, the value of the Panama Canal as a strategical asset is diminished in proportion.

Air forces can be shifted from the east to the west coast of the United States within a day. To transport a great number of troops with their equipment by railway would take about ten times as long. To shift a surface fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast would take about three weeks. The Panama Canal is quite vulnerable to air attack, and to defend it aircraft must be placed well away from it, on the east around Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, and on the west around Galápagos and Cocos islands. Neither of these belong to us, but they form ideal air bases if Japan or any other Pacific nation should attack the Pacific coast.

On account of the importance of Alaska in case of a Pacific war, an airway should be opened up to it from the United States and should be provided for by treaty with Canada. Permanent air units should be stationed in Alaska. From the time that I returned from the war in Europe in 1919, we tried to have aëronautical units stationed in Alaska, and for that reason we sent a flight to Alaska in 1920. We rapidly improvised an airway, and with the old equipment that we had Captain Streett took four airplanes from New York to Nome, Alaska, and back, without losing a ship or a man, one of the greatest flights ever made.

IN case of war with Japan it might be necessary to defend Australia by air. Although Australia seems a long way off across the water, an airway from the United States, through South America, across the antarctic continent, through Victoria Land to Emerald Island, the Macquarie Islands, Tasmania, and Australia, could be established and would involve comparatively short hops across the open ocean.

Our Hawaiian Islands should be organized with airways from Honolulu and the larger islands all through the smaller ones to Midway Island. Midway Island is the same distance from Yokohama, Japan, as Honolulu is from San Francisco. Wherever vessels have to operate, whether submarines or surface vessels, aircraft will have to protect and assist them. These will have to fly from land bases, because not only are airplanes based on surface vessels—so-called airplane carriers—unable to act in any considerable numbers, but the carriers themselves are so vulnerable that they will be quickly swept off the sea in case of war against a great air power. Naval airplane carriers are largely a delusion and a snare.

On the other hand, submarines can carry airplanes. If aircraft have to operate from small islands, submarines can be equipped to supply them with spare parts and fuel. If aircraft have to land on ice, submarines can be equipped to go under the ice, make a hole through it, and supply the aircraft. In the search of the seas, submarines will be a distinct and important auxiliary to air operations.

In other words, a complete new system of strategical control must be worked out for our combined national defense forces if we hope to succeed against an alert adversary. According to our Constitution, the President is commander in chief of our armed forces, but actually this command is always delegated to someone else. Now he has to go to a Secretary of the Army and a Secretary of the Navy, and he has no Secretary of the Air at all, so that any picture presented by these persons is bound to be a hazy hodgepodge of often conflicting ideas.

We now find ourselves unprepared for modern war, either actually or theoretically. This is in spite of the fact that our military budget is as great as that of any other country. We find ourselves with an obsolete navy based on battleships and particularly weak in the one important feature we need for war in the Pacific, the submarine. We find our army lacking in modern weapons, modern transportation, very deficient in tanks, and not organized for modern war. We find no air force at all, but merely airplanes used as an adjunct to the army or navy.

We are spending something like $100,000,000 a year for our air development, more than any other nation, but, on account of the duplicate overheads, the numerous overlapping organizations that handle it, and practically no direction or policy at the head, we are getting nowhere. We are now faced with a Pacific crisis which will certainly mean war with the Far East sooner or later. It is high time we coördinated our defense and modernized it to meet our national aims and provide for our security.

THE END

The Mother Who Died—Love Like a Lightning Flash—Anne Resolves to Get Her Man—An Ominous Home-Coming and the Shock of Fateful News

NO MORE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love, and dollar delirium, told by Anne Holt. Anne, to spend Thanksgiving with her father, Bill, and Nina, her mother, boarded a steamer for New York. Prince Carlos of Moravia, her fiancé, was planning to follow her later. He was approved of by her rich grandfather, Jerome Cedric. It chanced that Anthony Gage, her grandfather's Brazilian plantation manager, was also on board. To each other Anne and Tony displayed fireworks of temper, but toward an ill steerage child, Paulo, they were both all helpfulness.

Part Two—Trouble Ahead

I SLEPT all day, and invited André Grossart, the writer, to my room for dinner. He was an amusing cuss. After a while a few others dropped in and we played charades. But I was awfully tired and it got pretty rough, so I shooed them out early.

Before I went to bed, I sent for the ship's doctor. He told me that Paulo, the little Brazilian kid, seemed to be pulling through with every hope of full recovery, but that the mother, Mme. Pollondré, was prostrated. They were afraid she would develop pneumonia. I kept him, over a glass of cherry brandy, and pumped him about Tony—who, I learned, was a Cornell graduate, and had almost become a doctor before his father died and his mother lingered for years with an illness that took all his money. He had been an aviator during the war, was known for hair-raising dare-devil stunts, held the international record as crack marksman, and made a hobby of collecting firearms!

Why had I acted like a spoiled child with him? He was absurdly idealistic, full of intense enthusiasms. He had doped out the world with his own wrongs and rights—and he was one of those men who put women on a pedestal for his own special adoration. . . .

The next morning, after breakfast, I set off to find Tony again and admit I'd been a little wasp. I found him lying on deck, in no mood to notice me, but I settled myself beside him neverthemore, me and my book.

I gathered that Mme. Pollondré was very ill, but the kid was better. Tony promised to take me to see the boy at four. Right now Tony was tired and wanted to rest, and would really like to be permitted to rest! So I cuddled back and read industriously—André's book, which was all about what childish idiots Americans were.

For all that Tony had called me desirable and potent, he promptly and loudly fell asleep. Annoyed, I left him and went for a swim. I collected a quorum on the way, and we played water polo a while and had tea with rum and cakes afterward. After dressing I went down to one of the little shops and stocked up with all the toys I could find. I missed meeting Tony on time, but I found my way to the kid's cabin and burst in, half the toys tumbling out of my arms.

From the moment I caught sight of Tony's face I knew something was wrong. But he, the doctor, and the nurse made much of the toys, and with them we bribed the kid to drink down a nasty potion of medicine and milk. Paulo was a frail, heart-rending little creature, with a thin, sharp face and huge brown eyes.

The doctor and the nurse left, and Tony and I sat by the kid's bed and tried to cheer him a bit. He kept asking for his mother—pleading with Tony for his mother; and Tony talked to him earnestly, gently, promising that she'd come as soon as she was rested, and trying to distract him with the toys. Presently Tony had the boy smiling over a little mechanical monkey; and he looked over the bed at me and said huskily, in English: "She died—this noon!"

I stared from him to the child, and my heart went cold.

"God!" I muttered. "How awful!"

"Smile!" insisted Tony tersely. "If this kid gets excited he'll have a relapse. He's nervous enough about her as it is."

He was off—in Spanish or Portuguese, I don't know

ORCHIDS

By
GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

"BLESS my soul, but it's good to see you around again! How am I going to hand you over to another man?"

which—putting the monkey inside his coat and making it jump out to scare himself. The kid started to laugh, but a pain in his side cut off the childish mirth with a grimace and a whimper of agony.

"I can't stand it!" I mumbled helplessly.

"You'd better go," Tony commanded sharply. "It won't help any to faint here."

I made a stab at taking leave of the kid and got safely out into the corridor. The whole world seemed to rumble and rock with the ship. I bit my lip, calling myself a fool, and made my way feebly up to my own suite. I couldn't even speak to Cramps as I went into the bedroom and locked the door with a sense of relief. The whole thing hit me between the eyes. I felt ashamed—almost as if it were my fault. That shadow of a child that was so obviously uncared for, badly undernourished. The mother who had died, to leave the kid to the mercy of strangers. They had been destitute—almost starving. My mind flashed back to handing over a thirty-thousand-dollar bracelet at a gaming table, and I felt like a worm. . . .

"Are you sure you're all right, Miss Holt?"

Tony's voice calling to me from the other side of the door. I opened it. "Is he all right?" I asked.

"He's asleep," he nodded. "I—I was afraid you were ill."

I shook my head and tried to light a cigarette, but my hand trembled. Cramps had the good grace to go into the bedroom and leave us alone.

"Will they bury her at sea?" I asked tonelessly.

"No. I've arranged to send her body directly down to her people. She wanted it."

"The boy has people, then?"

"Yes, people of a sort. Poor, very poor. One grandparent in Brazil and one in France. His mother wanted him brought up in his own country. I'm going to bring him to a hospital in New York until he's on his feet and fully recovered. I'll take him down to Brazil with me. If they'll let me, I'll adopt him. You know, Miss Holt, you mustn't take this too seriously. The mother had tuberculosis anyway—there wasn't much chance."

"WELL, he's a lucky kid to have found such a friend." I handed Tony his drink soberly. "How will you like being a papa?"

"I think it's my eventual career," he grinned. "I think I was cut out to be a father. Some day I'm going to have slews of kids. At least a dozen."

"Ambitious."

"I can practice on bringing this one up in the meantime."

"I think," I said thoughtfully, "that adopting kids is the best bet all around. They're already here—and if they haven't love and a home and the things they need, you can provide them."

"Of course you wouldn't want children yourself?" he mocked.

"Well, what of it? I think it is unfair to the kids to bring them into this lopsided world. I think it is damnably unfair, and a staggering responsibility."

"You're being—obvious."

"I'm being intelligent."

"You don't know what you're talking about, to begin with; so what's the use of arguing with you? You haven't had any home life—any family life. How can you know what a family means?"

"I'm thoroughly satisfied with my home life. It's humane, sensible. Nina and Bill and I are three of the most devoted people in the world. We each go our own way, live our own lives, and wouldn't stoop to demand, make claims on each other."

"And you'd want your own marriage to be like? Your own family?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

"Certainly. And if I did have a kid, I'd bring it up as I was brought up—to stand on its own two feet and be self-sufficient."

"Such a philosophy! If you ever did come smack up against a few hard knocks—"

"Well, I wouldn't cry Uncle! I'm not trained to be a quitter," I said defiantly. "I expect life to give me some swift uppercuts. I've had a few already. But I think I can take them on the chin. I'll make my mistakes—I've made plenty of them. But I know how to take the consequences."

He got up and walked over to me, still smiling indulgently. "They're awfully pretty words," he admitted. "I hope they'll always work."

"Let me know when I can see Paulo again, papa," I grinned, and felt triumphant for the first time as he left.

But Tony didn't stay impressed.

Never had I known such an unreasonable desire to have someone like me and approve of me. But I had an adroit faculty for saying the wrong thing to him, and he either tightened his lips as if to control his temper—or turned on his heel and left me.

Little Paulo was recovering rapidly. I frequently went with Tony to visit the boy, and we stumbled along awkwardly together with the few words of French he knew and the few words of Portuguese I picked up.

ON the last day of the trip I received a radio from Nina—my first word from her. She was in North Carolina, and explained enigmatically that she couldn't come up to meet me, but "hoped nobody would persuade me not to take the first train down and stay a few days with her." Kinda funny! Who would persuade me not to? I wired her that I'd be down as soon as I had seen Bill. I expected Bill to board the ship at Quarantine and ride into the harbor with me.

The last night, Tony joined me in some of our parties. His attitude annoyed me—he was so obviously bored. I could have killed Rita for showing him the bracelet she had won from me. Just the sort of thing that would burn him up. The fool—she might have known! But I had won three thousand from her that afternoon. I walked over and handed him the check. "Put it toward Paulo's education, Tony."

He took the check and gazed at me with the smile that made me feel I had a tooth out in front.

"You're burning to say you don't like women to gamble," I teased. "You have an awful struggle to be a gentleman, don't you?"

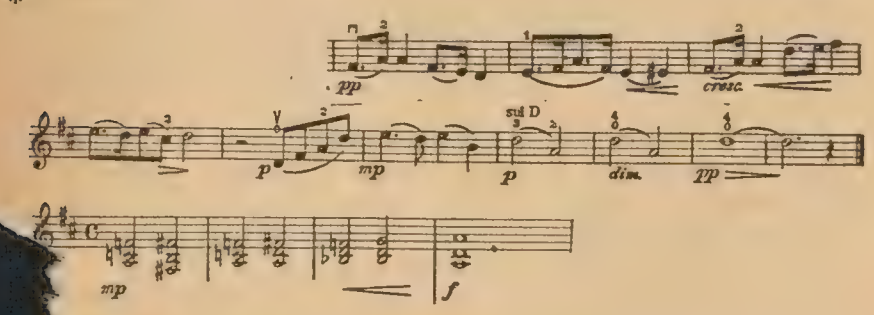
"Is that what I have to struggle to be?" he laughed. "Here, take the check, Miss Holt. It ought to keep you for the next few hours. There's so very little you could contribute to a boy's education."

"It depends upon the boy," I chirped, and turned away.

I went up on deck.

The night was cold but full of calm and peppered with stars. I felt hideously lonely. Why hadn't Tony asked to see me when he landed? Evidently he didn't care if we never met again. Well, I had a lot to do—a lot ahead of me. In two weeks Carlos would arrive, and then the whirl would begin. Our engagement would be announced in a month or so. We would be married in the new year, and he'd take me back to his country for a second marriage. . . . Carlos was a sweet, sensitive, charming soul. If only I'd never set eyes on Anthony Gage!

I leaned against the rail. The tones of Serge's violin seeped out over the deck:



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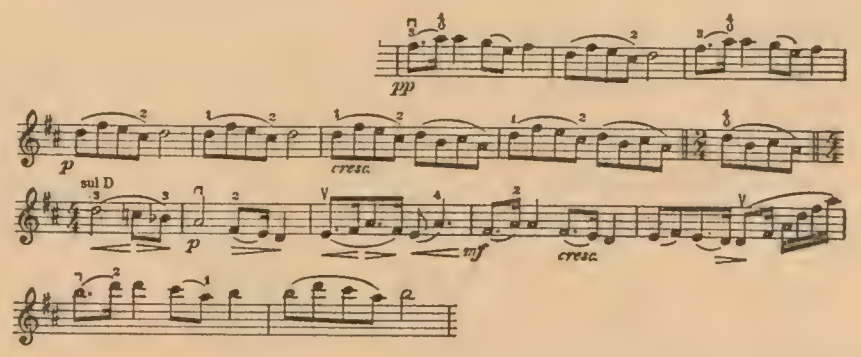
Tony came up and stood beside me—very close. I knew it was he, though I didn't dare look up and show him I was crying.

He guessed, though, and he put his hand over mine.

"Go away," I said. "I have as much right to this rail as you have."

He gave me his handkerchief.

"Sh-h-h," he said. "Listen!"



The last note was drowned in a splash of a wave against the boat.

I had to look at him, and for a moment I thought the whole sky was closing in around us. . . . Then his arms were around me, as I had ached for them to be. . . . And his lips were on mine. . . . The world came to a halt—even my heart stopped short.

I felt as if my whole body had been split down the center with a flash of lightning. I knew that he was mine and I was his, and if he ever left me—

"Why aren't you like this always?" he murmured against my cheek. "Isn't this the real Anne Holt? Or is the other the real one—that hard, unfeeling little snip that lives only for excitement?"

"I don't know, Tony. I don't know! When you kiss me I could be anything. I could be what you want if I thought you cared."

He laughed bitterly.

"You wouldn't do the first things I'd ask! I'm not of your world, Anne, and I never want to be. And you're not of mine, either. You couldn't face mine. You would have to give up your Prince—these people you call your friends—give up your millions—come and live my life—marry me and give me a home and children and companionship."

"But if I am to be understanding, you must be too, Tony. Who's to say that my life is the wrong life? I'm not bad—as bad as you make out."

I HAD made a mistake. With the first argument, the fire went out of Tony as the air goes out of a balloon. His face settled into that quiet indifference that I knew now had been a mask with him.

"Anne," he said slowly, "I don't want you to like me. I don't want to like you. I can't help it if I do—I'll go on wanting you the rest of my days. But it can't mean anything but unhappiness. Don't you see, Anne? Either you'd change me or I'd change you, and either way one of us would break the other's spirit."

"There's such a thing as compromise."

"It's too fundamental. I haven't a cent, Anne. I'm nobody. I could give you nothing. Money means nothing to me—nothing. I live from day to day. I don't give two toots at sea if I'm never rich. All I ask is to be independent—my own master."

"But I have money—plenty of my own."

"There you are!" he flared. "Either I'd rob you of your way of life or you'd rob me. Anne, I'm mad about you—out of my head about you—but I'm going to hold on to what sanity I have left. It will be better if we don't see each other again."

"But—you're to be three weeks in New York! You don't mean—"

"Listen, child!" He put his hands on my shoulders tenderly. "If I thought there was a chance in hell of making you happy, I'd stop at nothing to win you. I could love you as you'll never know love from anyone else. But I couldn't make you happy. I'd demand too much. I'd forget that you're a spoiled baby and I'd get angry. I have a lousy temper, Anne. I don't intend to make you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

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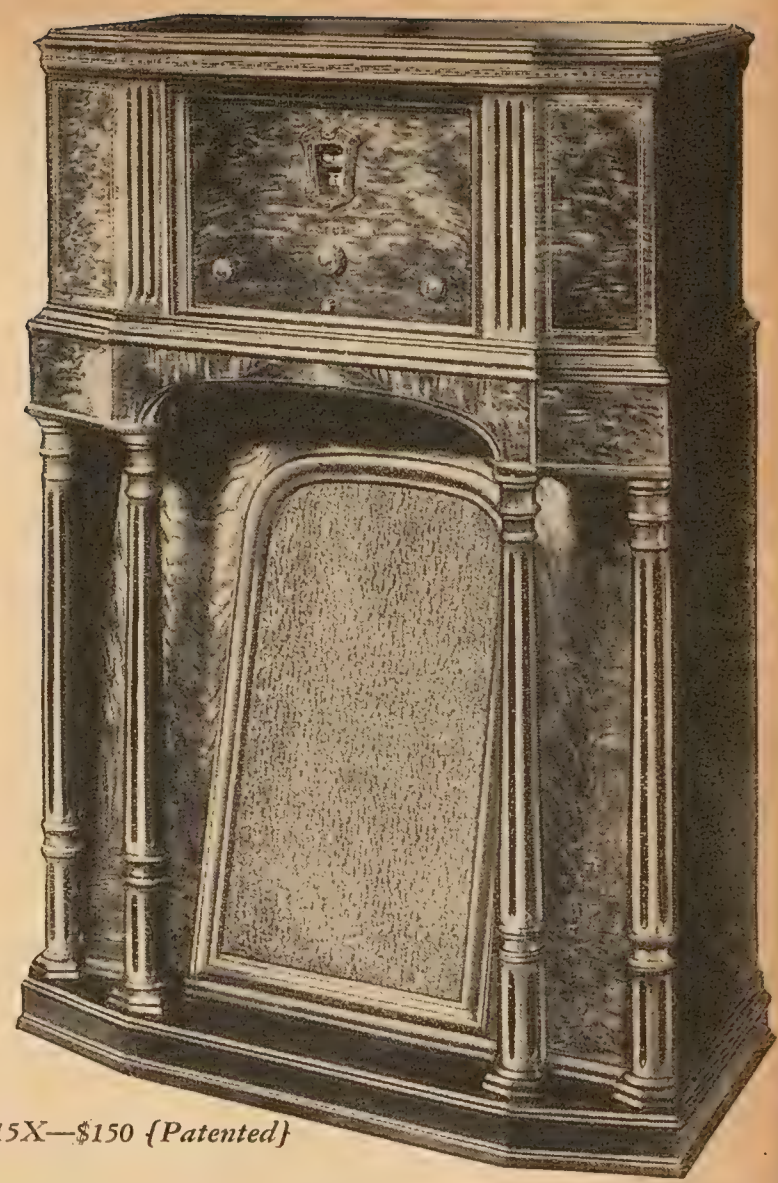

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NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fourteen

the butt of it. I could never be the sort of companion you're used to. I could never be a playboy with you. You live in a world of toys—and I'd bust every one of them."

"But, Tony—you can't walk off and decide to forget me! Even that makes you mad, doesn't it? But it's true. *You love me.*"

His lips quivered, and for a moment I thought—and hoped—that he was going to kiss me again; but however much he felt impelled, he drew back—defiant.

"I told you you didn't know what love was." He shook his head. "You think you love me too. You don't, except in the degree that I love you. I desire you—terribly! But that isn't love. Just forget me, Anne—like a nice child."

He touched my hand lightly and walked off, his shoulders set against a sudden breeze. I stood watching him and shivered with the cold.

"I'm going to get that man," I decided fiercely, "if it's the last thing I do! Here goes the Prince in the ash can—because I'm going to be Mrs. Anthony Gage. He's going to have me, and my money too. And he's going to like it! Because I can't live without him and I'm not going to let him live without me."

II

I WAS up early the next morning and a rasping disappointment greeted me. Bill wouldn't be at Quarantine.

A brief message explained that he'd meet me at the dock.

It sort of took the spirit out of me. I'd gotten up all gay to see Bill again, have breakfast with him and get in a good chinning before we landed. . . .

The morning seemed endless. I wanted terribly to hunt up Tony—to make sure that I'd see him in New York. But I just wouldn't do it, and to keep myself from it I stayed in my room until the last moment.

The boat nosed into place at last. I was positive that Bill would board instantly and come to my rooms. But he didn't!

At last I couldn't stand it any longer. Flossie went to round up and release the dogs, and I quit Cramps. Half the boatload was already in New York, and the other half was making a steady ribbon of bobbing heads and fluttering hands down the gangplank. I leaned over the rail and searched the mass of faces below for Bill.

There he was! I squealed with delight, and raised my hand to attract his attention, and yelled at him.

He couldn't hear me!

"Bill! *Bill-ll-ll!*"

His dear face turned upward and scanned with that funny squint of his—the squint that sailors have, who are used to facing the wind.

"He doesn't see me," I mumbled, and rushed farther down into his view.

I stopped short.

Out of the door they were wheeling a chair—a chair with little Paulo in it, warmly wrapped up so that you could barely see his big brown eyes.

And Tony behind the chair, bending over the child anxiously, trying to coax a smile. . . .

Tony straightened up at sight of me, and his eyes looked relieved.

"I was afraid I wasn't going to see you to say good-by." He came toward me.

"Wait a minute," I begged, and leaned over to scream madly again: "Bill-ll-ll! Here I am! *Bill!*"

He saw me and moved out to the front line of the jammed mob, waving, shaking his stick at me—smiling!

But I caught my breath and something went tight in my throat. What was the matter with Bill? I'd never seen him so thin. He looked—

"Something's wrong," I mumbled huskily, and caught at Tony's arm.

But he didn't hear me. Uniformed attendants had come and were lifting the wheel chair over the gangplank, and Tony's mind was on his charge.

"Good-by," he called hastily. "Good-by!"

I waved to him feebly. I wanted to call him back—or rush after him and tell him to be sure and phone me. . . . But a huddle of people crowded after the sick child and cut me off from Tony.

As soon as the procession that guarded little Paulo had broken up, and he was safely lifted into a waiting ambulance, I ran down the plank toward Bill. But my heart was cold with premonition.

Bill greeted me with unusual tenderness.

In the car, on the way up to our house on East Fifty-second Street, I studied him. What was it about him that spoke of tragedy? His smile was just as gallant, his spirit just as charged with eagerness and anticipation.

It was his eyes, I decided, that didn't quite conceal the cloud; and the tone of his voice, that seemed a little less proud. . . .

He explained why he couldn't come to Quarantine and then began firing questions at me. How was the trip? How had I left Carlos? When would he arrive? Had I paid my bills? Did I think I'd be happy in Moravia? Why hadn't I written oftener?

I told him about the pearls. I told him about Tony—and little Paulo. I touched the high spots of the last year. He was tickled with the thought of the Irish wolfhound I had brought him, and the saddle that was being shipped for his birthday. . . .

"When did you last hear from Nina?" he asked, just as we turned into our street.

"Got a wire from her last night. She said she wanted me to come down to the hunting lodge to see her right away. She said, Bill—whatever she meant—she hoped nobody would persuade me not to come!"

He had leaned forward, as the car stopped, to open the door; but I caught a fleeting glimpse of the expression on his face, and my heart stood still.

His arm went around my shoulder as we walked into the house together.

"You'll want to go and freshen up," he suggested, gazing at me fondly. "Lord, but you've grown pretty, girl! Luncheon at two, and we're just together."

ALL the time I was bathing and changing I fretted over him. Never before had Bill suggested age to me. Why, Bill was fifty-two or thereabouts. . . . But he'd never looked old before! Not that he wasn't doughty and hale still, but—

That remark of Nina's! They must have had a mean fight. That scrap of a look I'd caught when we spoke of Nina in the car. . . . Poor Bill! I was the only one who could successfully fight with Nina, because it was in me to be quite as nasty as she proposed to be. But Bill cared too keenly, and she was forever taking advantage of it.

I went downstairs to Bill's quarters—and found him already drowning his troubles in the huge haphazard room that he always referred to as his "lib'ry."

Most of Bill's literature consisted of a collection of books on travel; special works on all kinds of locomotion, but particularly a colossal collection of books on yachts, boating, fishing, sailing vessels, and everything that pertained to the sea. Some hoary whaler ancestor of his cropping out, no doubt.

At the far end of the room was set up the entire half of a yacht, with a little stairway leading up to its cabin entrance. The Bounder was the first yacht with which William Warren Holt had copped a prize. He had built it himself, thirty years ago, and sailed it, before his marriage, from New York to Honolulu, from where it was painfully towed back.

But Bill was a sentimental cuss, no matter how he tried to pretend differently—and his Bounder I was honored as the bar in his home, while the Bounder VII was being conditioned for her sixth season.

"Bless my soul," he greeted me, "but it's good to see

TONY came up and stood beside me. "Go away," I said. "I have as much right to this rail as you have."

you around again! Why did I let you stay away a whole year? How am I going to hand you over to another man and let him keep you in Moravia? Huh? Want an Alexander with me, or one of those bitter fruity juicy things that Nina likes?"

"Alexander with you, Bill. Bill, I want to talk seriously with you."

"Come aboard." He jerked his head and I followed him up and into the yacht. "But don't try to start something, midge. I never talk seriously before luncheon, and I never do today what I can put off until tomorrow. I'm too all-fired glad to see you. . . . If it's money you need—"

"I'M practically solvent, Bill. But I'm afraid tomorrow will be too late, darling."

"Tomorrow is always too late, thank God! That's why it's the best time to talk about anything. Talk is a waste of energy, anyway. Here, smudge, here's your acidosis. You're looking simply top-notch."

I accepted the foamy Alexander, lifted my glass as Bill did, and winked when Bill winked. It was Bill's only toast—that wink. I figured out that the best way to get Bill to talk about himself and his love troubles was to spring some of my own.

"Listen, Bill," I began cautiously. "You know that man I told you about that was on the ship? Tony Gage? I'm crazy about him, honey. I've never, never met a man I'm so crazy about, Bill, and it has me all tied up in knots. He won't give me the slightest tumble and it keeps me awake nights."

"That's a healthy sign."

"He fights with me every chance he gets. He goes out of his way to pick fights."

Bill stared at me with lugubrious pale-blue eyes and coughed. "It's probably love," he decided ruefully. "Listen, pie-face, I can tell you this much, as an old mariner. If you're once frostbitten, it'll come back on you every time you hit the cold. If you've actually gone and been fool enough to fall in love, don't think that Carlos will do. I'm sorry for you, and sorry for him. He's a nice quiet little ferryboat and the sailing with him would have been calm and easy. But if you're built for a full-rigged schooner—"

He lapsed into thoughtful, eye-squinting regard of the lib'ry outside the porthole. A million miles away.

I dragged him back to the problem: "Nina'll raise hell and forbid me to see him. Grandfather will tear his beard. They've got me all set for Carlos, and—"

I broke off, shocked that my throat was tight—shocked that I meant every word I was saying!

It wasn't just an excuse to get Bill going—I wanted to fight for Tony!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page seventeen

"Um-m-m-m-m." Bill nodded reflectively. "Nina will say you mustn't. And you'll say you will. Well, there'll be nothing new about that. You've been doing what Nina said not to do since you were big enough to wet your panties! Must I be dragged into it?"

I reached up and kissed him rapturously.

"Will you meet him, Bill? Will you have him here to dinner, no matter how they forbid and rant? Will you promise to like him?"

He grinned and pulled my ear. "Baby, if you've really picked yourself out a man, I think I could guarantee to back him up. Is he as good-looking as I am? Or is he just another one of the red-heads you go goof about?"

"No. He's got hair as black as the Black Sea. And I don't mean dark brown."

"Um-m-m. Does he go to Princeton?"

"Bill! Don't you know I'm past the college-boy age? No. He— Well, you see, the family's going to have a pet riot when they learn who he is. He—well, he's the manager of grandfather's plantations."

Bill's eyes shot open with the shock. He actually hiccuped with amazement. Then he made the sign of the cross and began to laugh.

He roared with laughter, and I joined in, relieved, and realizing how much he relished such a joke on grandfather.

"Anne!" he gasped, his eyes wet with mirth. "Anne, you'll kill them! Oh, God, I must be there when that old pirate hears the news! I wouldn't miss it for—" He straightened up and slapped me resoundingly on the shoulder. "Here, drink on it, kitten. . . . Here's to his dignity when the news is broken to him!"

"Bill, I'm only allowed one before luncheon. Besides, this is serious."

"Serious! I'll say it's serious! Have him up to dinner tonight."

PRESENTLY Tony had the boy smiling over a little mechanical monkey.

"BILL, you're 'way ahead of me," I protested. "Be quiet and listen, dear. Tony disapproves of me. He didn't try to make any date with me. He doesn't want to see me again. I know he cares for me, but he thinks I'm a flighty, good-for-nothing, useless, society-mad little fool."

"And so you are, Anne. So you are!" But Bill was listening intently now, and really concentrating, though the huge joke still lingered on his lips. "I'll fix it up, baby. I'll tell him you're a good sort. I'll tell him how to manage you. I won't let him make the same mistakes I made with Nina."

"You're precious," I said gratefully, deliberately ignoring the reference to Nina. "He as good as refused to marry me unless I gave up my friends, my money, my home—everything—and went with him into the wilderness, so to speak. Which, of course, is crazy. Love is love, but it isn't good red meat. He claims we'd never be happy together—never could. And, Bill, I've got to have him. I can't live without him! By fair means or foul. I don't think I believe so much in marriage, anyway."

"Anne!"

"But I don't, Bill. I don't see how any sane person can—particularly if they're madly in love. I mean, a quiet, unemotional marriage is a comfortable arrangement, but—"

"I never thought you were an utter moron. Was this his bright suggestion?"

"Oh, no!"

"But he thinks the same way?"

"He said he didn't love me. He just desired me."

"I'll horsewhip him!"

"Bill, don't be a fool and don't shake your jowls at me. You couldn't horsewhip him, anyway."

"You think so, huh?"

"Bill, don't look at me like that! He'd kill me if he heard me talk like this."

"No wonder he thinks you a flighty, good-for-nothing—what was all of it? Have you honestly changed so much in the last year, Anne? You used to be a nice kid, Anne."

"I still am, Bill. I'm just trying to talk heart-to-heart with you. I'm trying to explain that he means so much to me I'd go to hell to get him. You needn't get excited. I've just figured out that if I trapped him into ruining me, he might feel *obliged* to marry me. And I swear I'm going to stop at nothing!"

"I'M going to have you examined. Use your head, Anne. What would you do if—well, if he were about to become a father, for instance?"

"Bill, you're too sweet! To begin with, it won't happen. If it did, I'd come to you for advice."

"To *me*. That's appalling. I'll tell you something, Anne. You're the damnedest nuisance any man could be cursed with, and you'll probably send me to a sanitarium before you're through. But I'd like a dozen right on the same model."

"Gosh! Tony feels the same way."

"Have you discussed such things?"

"It just came up. I believe in talking about it, anyway. If you and Nina had discussed them, wouldn't you have been better off?"

Bill squinted at me thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said soberly. "If we'd discussed a lot of things we'd have been better off."

"There's a bit of a row on foot between you two," I dared. "I can smell it."

He nodded and gulped.

"There's more than a row, Anne. It's all over."

He pushed open the porthole and rested his elbow on the ledge, leaning his head against his hand and making a gallant attempt to be nonchalant.

The servant came to announce lunch, and I could have wrung his neck. I told him to wrap it up and tie it in pink.

"What the devil do you mean, Bill?" I demanded as soon as we were alone.

He shrugged and made an empty gesture.

"She left me. Gone—for good."

"You're mad. It couldn't be! Bill—" But the twist to his mouth stopped me short.

Bill wasn't one to dramatize. If he said it was over—it was over.

"But—why?" I managed, after I couldn't stand the tick of the clock another moment.

He kicked the base of a stool and turned his back to scrutinize the row of bottles on the shelves as if he were counting them. "She hasn't any use for me," he mumbled, his back still hunched to me. "She—Anne, she doesn't love me any more!"

I got to my feet. He started to leave the boat.

At the little staircase he hesitated and looked back. His

face was smooth and expressionless.

"How about lunch?" he suggested.

"Fine, Bill. I'm starved!"

As I joined him at the doorway of the little stairway, he took hold of my hand. "I may as well tell you now as later"—his voice was firm and quiet—"that Nina is sailing in a few weeks—to get a divorce."

I managed not to flinch—or move a muscle—as he sought my eyes pleadingly.

"She's waiting only to see you," he continued with a smile. "She wants to introduce you to your new father."

"*Bill!*"

"Did you ever hear of a runabout called Toby Wynn? An Irish sportsman, and astonishingly wealthy, whatever the mysterious source of his income. Handsome devil. One of the world's most noted bachelors. You'll like him, I think."

"Oh, Bill!"

"The riot of it is"—his teeth flashed in a triumphant smile—"that Jerome Cedric doesn't approve of him either! He detests him even more, if possible, than he does me. Rather amusing, huh?"

I nodded as knowingly as I could, and followed Bill toward the dining room. I wanted to catch up with him and throw my arms around those big shoulders. . . . My heart was knocking against my side so that I could barely breathe. I felt as if the world were crashing around me.

In next week's installment you'll watch Anne make a desperate attempt to bring her parents together, and learn whether or not she succeeds.

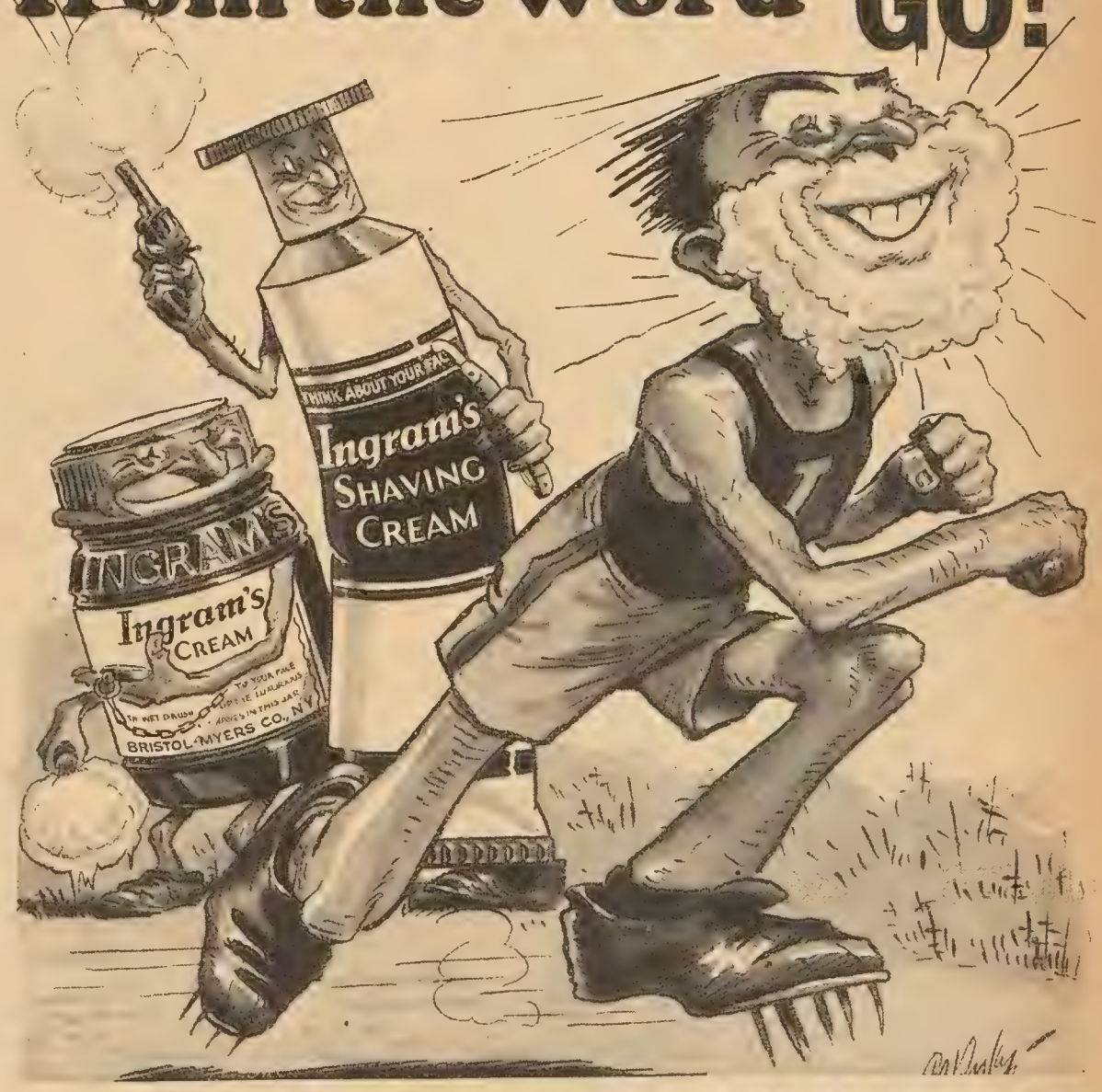
TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who founded the sect of Mormons?
2—What does subaqueous mean?
3—What is a mélange?
4—In what state is the Schuylkill River?
5—Who was called the Expounder of the Constitution?
6—What is the capital of Iceland?
7—What does the Latin phrase *quantum sufficit* mean?
8—Hispania was the Latin name for what country?
9—What is a cryptonym?
10—In what city is the Acropolis?
11—What kind of creature is a grackle?
12—What is known as the City of Magnificent Distances?
13—What is a seraglio?
14—What is a troglodyte?
15—What is one half of the diameter of a circle called?
16—What is a young seal called?
17—What is an apologue?
18—What novel includes the character Long John Silver?
19—What is a diphthong?
20—What is brimstone?

(Answers will be found on page forty-six)

COOL SHAVES from the word "GO!"



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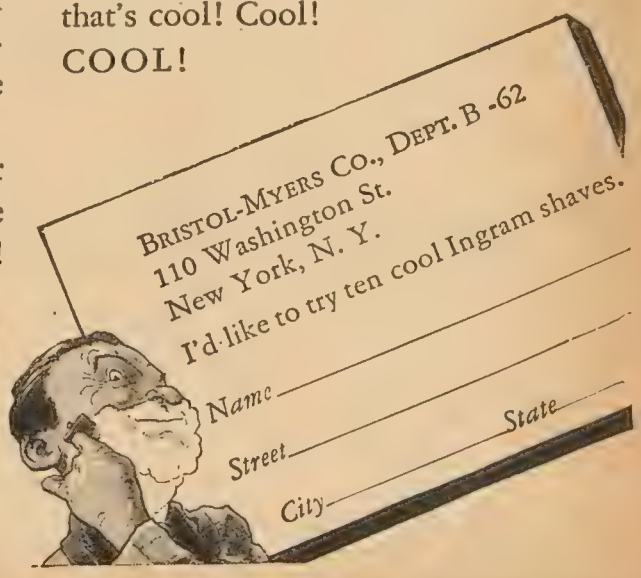


This Business of

A Parent Goes into Life's Most Perplexing Proble

By MARGARET

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 7 minutes 30 seconds.)

"OH, you good parents!" said our friend reproachfully. Jeff and I looked back at him guiltily.

Not that we had, as far as we knew, any especial reason to feel guilty. But parents, poor dears, are rather likely to, these days. They read so many books by experts, and attend so many lectures and parents' classes, all founded on the one basic principle that everything that the child does that is wrong is the fault of his mother and father!

As I was saying, then, Jeff and I just waited fearfully for our friend to tell us what dreadful thing it was that good parents did to their children.

"This business of sex instruction!" he flung at us.

We brightened.

"Oh, we've answered all their questions fully and frankly just as they've asked them!" we assured him eagerly; or rather I assured him, speaking for us both. Because Jeff doesn't like to talk sex.

"Just what I mean!" he exclaimed. "All this solemn talking! All this telling them the 'facts of life'! All this making a sacred, sentimental, unwholesomely 'sweet' affair out of something which is simply natural! The way for children to learn about sex, and the only healthy way, is in the rough-and-ready school of experience."

"But—" I began.

"No 'but' about it! This conscientious enlightenment just makes 'em self-conscious and over-interested. My children, if ever I have any, shan't be told a darn' thing."

Jeff and I exchanged glances of humorous dismay. I thought of all those awful warnings. What had become of them? Were all those tales out of date now? For here was our friend, in the psychology department of one of the biggest universities of the country, telling us that the healthy way is to let children learn things for themselves!

Well, with so many conflicting opinions among experts, it seems to me that the only thing that the poor dub of a parent can do is to make up his own mind for himself.

I think there is a middle course somewhere between telling children nothing and doing too much talking about the subject. I do agree with our friend that to make a sweetly sentimental matter of sex is worse than giving no information at all. It leaves the child with a false idea of life.

And yet I think that the lurid old tales of young people who groaned, "If I had only known!" were partly true, too. And I think that to leave a child, by preserving a stiff silence, with the impression that the whole subject is rather dirty, is very nearly a crime.

After all, our friend struck the keynote, it seems to me, when he said, "It's simply natural." Well, if it is, why not talk about it in a simply natural way?

PERHAPS I can illustrate. I don't know how it is with other parents, but I'm sure we must have told our three boys "the facts of life" at least half a dozen different times. They ask some question that sounds interested and intelligent, and we try to answer fully and frankly, but with no unusual emphasis. They listen with apparent interest and seem to understand. Six months later they ask the same question over, or one even more elemental!

Even so, I was surprised when Jeff Jr., almost thirteen, produced this remarkable question anent his aunt, who lost her husband five years ago and has never remarried:

"Mother, wouldn't it be a funny thing if Aunt Sallie was to have another baby now?"

I gulped once or twice, and agreed heartily that it would be.

"It wouldn't," he remarked pensively, "be very nice for the little baby, would it?"

"Nor for the little baby's mother!" I assured him. "Now, honey, you know perfectly well that a baby can't possibly get itself born five years after its father is dead!"

"I don't see why not!"

I wondered at him.

"Jeff, you do! You understand that animals and birds and people all have to mate before a baby can arrive!"

"Of course," he answered impatiently. "But when a man and woman get married they do mate, don't they?"

Light began to dawn.

"Oh, I see!" I said. "But each baby takes a separate mating. You remember that we forgot to keep Lady shut up and her first pups were mongrels? Then we watched her carefully and selected her next mate so her second batch would be thoroughbreds. Now, what good would that have done us if that one time she'd mated with that old yellow hound had just kept right on working?"

"I just hadn't thought about all that," he admitted.

Sex *Instruction*

to Learn How Much She Should Tell Her Children

DOUGLAS WINN

He sat there, thoughtfully remembering it, for a minute or two. Then he looked me square in the eyes.

"I guess I know more about dogs than I do about people," he said. "I wish you'd tell me—"

And the question that followed was the direct question which there is no evading.

I let him see my hesitancy. I said rather ruefully, wishing he'd asked Jeff Sr.: "Oh, dear! It's really a little hard to answer that, darling. For instance, suppose you tried to describe a kiss to a person who'd never seen a kiss and never kissed anybody—why, it might sound ridiculous! And yet kissing isn't ridiculous, and neither is mating. It's perfectly natural and right and pleasant."

Then, as well as I could, I answered that question.

HE listened attentively; and for some reason that I don't fully understand, his first reaction was to fling his arms about my shoulders and exclaim:

"You *are* sweet, mother!"

Then he said: "I don't think it sounded ridiculous. The only thing is—"

"Is what?" I asked on a huge breath of relief.

"It isn't just married people who love each other, mother. I heard a big boy at school talking about it the other day, and another boy said, 'Oh, shut your dirty mouth! There's a lot of kids round here.'"

My heart warmed to that unknown second boy.

"You'll hear a lot of that sort of talk, Jeff," I said. "More and more. But always remember that the real thing is not dirty but clean and good and natural. And of course, as far as boys and girls mating before they marry—why, some of them do. It's perfectly natural when you reach a certain age to want to be mated, and some people will always do the things they want to do without stopping to think. Like Lady, to go back to our dogs."

"You mean you think people ought to be some different from dogs, don't you, mother?"

"Well—yes. Don't you? For instance—you wanted that candy the other day quite badly; but you wanted more not to break training for your team. Lady couldn't have made a choice like that, but you can. If you decide, as daddy and I have, that mating ought to mean marriage and love and children, and isn't just for selfish pleasure, why, you'll be able to deny yourself till you do fall in love and marry. Because you'll know what to do."

"Will I? What must I do?"

"It's just that you're interested in so many other things, honey. Athletics of all kinds, camping, outdoor life, scientific facts—such lots of things! If you'd just sat and looked and looked at that candy all afternoon, I expect you'd have ended by eating it. But you went outdoors and got interested first in ball, and later in building a cage for that white rat, and forgot the candy. When you came in you weren't even hungry for it any more."

"I see," he said. Then he sat still, frowning. At length he raised his eyes.

"I want to ask you a question," he said *very* earnestly.

I almost held my breath while I waited.

"Mother, I'm nearly thirteen!"

"Yes, Jeff—well, what about it?"

"Just that I can't see why you and daddy won't let me begin to learn to drive the car." . . .

Of course I realize that our friend probably would say that in teaching Jeff that mating ought to wait for marriage we are providing him with artificial distinctions of right and wrong which will lead to repressions, leading in turn to nervous troubles. Here I simply disagree. You might as well say that an attempt to inculcate any moral standards at all is a mistake.

I think there is a middle course between telling children nothing and doing too much talking about the subject.

Later, doubtless, Jeff Jr. will come to his father. Then, Jeff Sr. says, the attitude that he will be most anxious to get across to him is something like this:

"You know that I believe that sex passion ought to be tied up with marriage, son. I don't believe a boy like you will ever get any real satisfaction or lasting joy in any relation outside of marriage. Besides, there are various ways in which it is risky.

"I think you share this ideal with me; you've been brought up on it, and I think you're going to live up to it. And I hope you'll marry young, if you find the right girl. Your mother and I want to help make it possible, financially, for you to do so.

"But if you fall down on the ideal you've set yourself, I don't want you indulging in a lot of terrible remorse or feeling as if your life were ruined. I want you just to pull yourself together, say, 'I'm sorry—now let's put that behind us and start over!' and as nearly as you can manage forget the whole episode."

And that, Jeff says, is all the sex instruction he'll have to offer.

THE END

The Story of a Caustic Little Runt and the Eight Giants Who Feared Him

By

JACKSON V. SCHOLZ

who now spends most of his time writing, has the unique distinction of being the only American sprinter who won points in three consecutive Olympic games. He was a member of the teams in the years 1920, 1924, and 1928.

Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE situation surrounding Peanut Higgins was unique. It even promised to become complicated. Because, as the season progressed, it appeared that nitric acid, instead of blood, flowed in Peanut's veins.

Added to this he was a bully, which is not a nice combination at all, when a man's impregnable position makes him practically safe from counterattack.

It might be said, of course, that it required courage and fortitude to abuse men of might and brawn, particularly when one considers the fact that Peanut, dressed in nothing at all, tipped the scales at one hundred and eight pounds.

But Peanut was also fast on his feet, which was just as well, and probably added materially to the length of his life; because the legs of a crew man are not trained for running, and are at an even greater disadvantage immediately after the finish of a race or a hard work-out. At such times Peanut would unship his tiller, step gingerly to the float, and efface himself quickly from the picture, allowing the eight sweating, glowering giants to cool off slowly and to recover from the immediate desire to commit mayhem.

Brick Keeler was undoubtedly the chief sufferer. He had right to be. In the first place, pulling the stroke oar, he was stationed directly under the guns, as it were. His eyes perforce must remain fastened upon the taut little figure in the coxswain's seat, the gray, contemptuous eyes, and the thin, bitter lips at the other end of the small megaphone. He must listen to the caustic comments which crackled from the megaphone, and he must refrain from slipping his foot free and kicking the coxswain overboard.

In other words, Brick had to stifle his red-headed temper and set an example for the rest of the crew, because Brick was their captain, and in such capacity was forced to assume certain responsibilities. He was also forced to recognize in Peanut Higgins almost every essential quality for a great coxswain. The latter's ability to judge pace and to interpret the feel of the boat was uncanny. One day he bawled out Number Four for chewing gum. He couldn't possibly have seen through several heads, and the only explanation was that he had detected it through the vibration of the shell.

Peanut also possessed the ability to exact obedience through the reign of pure terrorism, a fact which did not tend to increase the happiness of the individual members of the crew, but which served, nevertheless, to unite them in a bond of common hatred, and hence to bind them into a rowing unit which was hard to beat.

REMOTE Control

"Why, you—" Brick interrupted himself by a quick grab with his long arms. But Peanut was a fraction of a second too fast.

For Peanut's memory was of the acute hoarding type which stores away data for future needs. He was devilishly ingenious in touching raw spots with the minimum of well aimed words. He was a master of inflection. The mere tone of his voice could suggest an intimate knowledge of the shameful personal secrets of the eight stalwarts, and although his words never quite revealed the secrets, they seemed constantly to tremble upon the brink. The crew's stamina was remarkable. They were always too mad to become fatigued.

AND so Coach Ryan was chary as far as interference was concerned. His business, after all, was to produce a Poughkeepsie winner, and the outlook for this year was very bright. He had the man power and he had the driving force. Given a reasonable break the race was in the bag.

That, however, was before Brick Keeler finally decided he was in love. He had been playing around with the idea for some time; but when he finally eliminated the last satellite which revolved about Phyllis Carey and found himself without competition in that field, he reacted as any red-headed person might be expected to react. He took the matter very seriously indeed. He took it so seriously, in fact, that it became evident in his rowing. And upon the day when he refused to react to Peanut's gibes, but plied his oar with a far-away expression in his eyes, Peanut studied him narrowly for the remainder of the paddle.

Coach Ryan, following in the launch, noted the difference, too. He called Peanut aside after the workout.

"What's the matter with Brick?"

"In love," said Peanut shortly.

"I was afraid of that."

"The big dumb ox!"

Coach Ryan packed his pipe and lighted it. He squinted at the coxswain through a cloud of smoke.

"What have you got against Brick?"

"No more than I have against any of the rest of them."

"And what's that?"

"All beef, no brains. How could a man with any sense spend half his college life pulling on an oar? It's the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PEANUT was getting along as well as could be expected. It was learned also that Phyllis was a daily visitor.

[REMOTE CONTROL
Continued from page twenty-three]

stupidest sport in the world—if you can call it a sport."

The coach's eyes narrowed. He had rowed himself.

"And yet you'd like to pull one."

Peanut laughed harshly. "I'd rather make those big apes sweat. I like to hear 'em grunt."

"You're hard-boiled, aren't you?"

"I've got to be."

"Gives you a sense of power, huh?"

"Yes," defiantly, "it does. I'm a runt and I know it. But not every runt can take it out on bigger men."

"Hum-m-m—I see! I thought maybe you might have the interests of the school at heart."

Once more the coxswain laughed. "I'll leave that to the ones who do the work. That's all the fun they get. I'm having plenty in my own way."

"Yes, of course—poor kid!"

"What do you mean?" flared Peanut.

The coach tamped the ashes of his pipe with a calloused finger tip. Deliberately he changed the subject.

"What're we going to do about Brick?"

"I don't know." Peanut was surly. "He won't listen to me any more."

"You've got to make him."

"Why?"—caustically. "For the glory of *alma mater?*"

"Figure it out for yourself."

"Maybe I can, at that."

Which may have been the reason for the oddly shaped triangle. It was short on two sides and long on the third, because Phyllis Carey was a vest-pocket edition herself, and it was generally conceded about the campus that she and Peanut made a unique couple. The school, in fact, was rather proud of them.

Neither the coach nor Brick knew how Peanut managed the affiliation. The coach had his own ideas, which may or may not have coincided with those of Brick. For Brick was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that Peanut had maliciously muscled in to match his quick intelligence against his, Brick's, imposing build and good looks. His belief arose from the conviction that Peanut Higgins was as devoid of emotion as a tarantula, and hence incapable of appreciating the qualities in Phyllis which appealed to a higher nature.

PEANUT, at any rate, was claiming a good share of her time and seemingly enjoying it. He consequently elevated himself once more into Brick's field of vision, and Brick snapped out of his slump and began to pull the rest of the crew bow-legged in their attempts to match his stroke.

All this despite the fact that Peanut no longer spoke to Brick. He merely grinned at him upon occasions in a provocative, knowing manner which bristled Brick's hair and caused the oar to bend dangerously.

It was upon the occasion of the last time trial before the big regatta that Peanut abused the crew over the four-mile course in a manner which brought a smug expression of contentment to the coach's face as he feasted his eyes upon his stop watch. The shell had been maneuvered to the float by the fuming, exhausted crew, when Brick's self-control blew up.

"What were you grinning about out there, you damned little weasel?"

"Tut-tut," said Peanut. "It's a secret between the three of us."

"Why, you—" Brick interrupted himself by a quick grab with his long arms.

"Get 'im, Brick!" pleaded Number Three. But Peanut was a fraction of a second too fast.

He eluded Brick's hands by a catlike leap toward the float. But the delicate shell shifted as he jumped. He struck the sharp edge of the float on his side, with his arm doubled under. They all heard the snap of the bone, but it was not until later that they learned that he had fractured a couple of ribs as well as his arm.

An assistant manager grabbed Peanut as he started sliding back into the water, clawing frantically with his good hand. They stretched him on a rubbing table in the dressing room until the ambulance arrived, and the eight seminude giants stood around, shifting restlessly on their feet like embarrassed children. Peanut looked particularly small and fragile as he lay there, face blanched and pinched with suffering, but grinning insolently just the same.

"You big gorillas make me laugh!" he sneered. "What're you going to do, break down and blubber? I'm not blaming any of you for anything except for being dumb. You ought to be glad I'll be out of the boat next Saturday. You hate my guts and I hate your beef. You're glad to get rid of me and you know it. Why not admit it?"

A FEW minutes later Peanut was rushed to the hospital, and the crew, still slightly dazed from the suddenness of everything, took their showers and started to dress mechanically. Coach Ryan was sunk in a pit of gloom.

"It—it was my fault," said Brick at last.

"Aw, rats!" snapped Wyatt. "You held off longer than any of the rest of us would have done. Forget it!"

"The kid's got guts," said Saunders.

"Got to admit it," grunted Scott, and Brick nodded solemn agreement.

"And, what's more," Coach Ryan prophesied, "you're going to miss him."

Eight incredulous glances flashed in his direction, but he shrugged them off. Three days later his strange prediction began to bear fruit. They did miss Peanut Higgins.

None, of course, would admit it. They explained their mysterious slump in different ways: overtraining—lack of work. They even began eying one another furtively, willing to allow their hair-trigger nerves to harbor ugly suspicions. Anything but admit that they missed the bullying little tyrant in the stern, and that their stroke and slide had been delicately timed to the vicious invective that flowed from Peanut's megaphone.

Hadden of the junior varsity was promoted to the senior shell. He was a good coxswain, with firm hands and a nice sense of timing, but his voice was modulated and his epithets were mild in instinctive deference to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ONCE Was Enough

FOUR hours ago he hadn't dreamed he could kiss this beautiful and famous woman.

They had been strangers then, though across the damask of the candle-lit table their eyes met in eager challenge. Gridley, no less than she, had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight. But tonight, at their first meeting, they did not sneer.

And now he was holding her in his arms . . . her warm lips on his in a kiss half of yearning, half of tenderness. One kiss . . . and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them forever.

For in the instant that his lips held hers he knew that she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason, too. But she didn't . . . and probably never will. It is a matter people do not discuss.

No one is immune

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is unpardonable—repellent in either man or woman. It breaks up many a friendship, romance, and occasionally a marriage. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you; the subject is too delicate. The same applies to the presence of body odors which are second only to halitosis in their power to offend others.

Why risk either? Why not make sure that your breath is sweet and agreeable? Why not take precautions against body odors?

Swift deodorant power

Halitosis yields immediately to Listerine, the quickest of deodorants. Simply gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time with ordinary antiseptics; it takes them 12 hours or more to get rid of odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

After your bath, Listerine

Body odors, including that of perspiration, are the result of a chemical action in tiny glands. No mere washing with soap and water will remove these odors. That is why we say to you: after your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It checks body odors without altering or impairing natural functions.

Keep Listerine always handy in home and office. Carry a bottle in your handbag and the side pocket of your car. It is your protection against infection in an emergency, and your constant assurance that you won't offend others.

By the way, we have a small but useful book of etiquette that tells you what to wear, do, and say at formal and informal occasions. A copy will be sent to you free if you will write Dept. L. W. 6, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *ends* HALITOSIS

***checks* BODY ODORS**

"Wash nasty handkerchiefs? Not since I learned about KLEENEX"

disposable tissues

WASHING dirty handkerchiefs is a most repulsive task—and may be dangerous as well, if handkerchiefs are contaminated with cold or other germs.

Fortunately, this dreadful task is no longer necessary.

Buy a package of Kleenex and say goodby to handkerchief washing! These soft tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way—and when used, you simply destroy! No washing! No self-infection! No laundry bill—if you have handkerchiefs washed commercially.

Kleenex is now available in two sizes, the popular handkerchief size, and also larger tissues three times usual size! This larger Kleenex is splendid for dusting, and towels. A sample of Kleenex sent free if you write Kleenex Co., Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

'KERFS are a dressier form of Kleenex. Smart handkerchief borders; 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Make perfect tea napkins.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

[REMOTE CONTROL Continued from page twenty-five]

varsity eight. It was a too sudden change of diet from chile con carne to milk toast, and the varsity showed it.

Coach Ryan did his best to bolster the tottering morale. His own vocabulary improved remarkably; his wit and sarcasm increased by leaps and bounds. But somehow or other it wasn't the same. It lacked the stinging quality of sincerity, and the varsity was not to be fooled with counterfeit. They were accustomed to row in a welter of rage. Lacking this they were an ordinary crew. And then, there was the underlying feeling that they had been responsible for Peanut's accident. His small twisted body lying upon the rubbing table had left an unpleasant picture in their minds.

Although none of them could bring themselves to visit Peanut at the hospital, they awaited the coach's daily report with poorly concealed eagerness. Peanut, it seemed, was getting along as well as could be expected. The fractures were clean, and he was fairly comfortable in his plaster cast.

A peculiar story reached them in a roundabout way, originating with a student nurse who had a date now and then with one of the crew's assistant managers. The girl insisted that Coach Ryan came from Peanut's room one day, stopped in the hallway, blew his nose violently, and made a couple of surreptitious dabs at his eyes. That sounded funny, because the coach was hard and pretty tough. It was learned also that Phyllis Carey was a daily visitor.

Then came the day when the shell was swathed in canvas, crated, and sent the short distance to Poughkeepsie.

The varsity's first work-out on the Hudson was the occasion for a unique experiment. Coach Ryan arranged the tiller ropes with loops for Hadden's arms, and the latter demonstrated that he could steer quite handily with his elbows, leaving his hands free. The coach seemed oddly pleased but refused to enlighten the curious crew. Hadden was plied with questions, but no information could be pumped from that source, and in the tense, worried hours that followed the incident was practically forgotten.

Brick Keeler was in bad shape. He was rapidly approaching the limit of his worrying capacity. As captain he felt himself largely responsible for the present condition of the crew, but his clumsy attempts at optimism were entirely too obvious and only drew grunts of annoyance from the other seven. His affair with Phyllis was not prospering. He was stale and listless. The evening before the race he approached Coach Ryan.

BRICK KEELER finally decided he was in love. He took it so seriously that it became evident in his rowing.

"I THINK, coach," he said bluntly, "that the varsity needs a new stroke."

The coach eyed him sharply. "So do I," he admitted. "You're going to pieces. Don't you want to row?"

Brick stared incredulously. "Why—why, of course!"

"Then don't be a dramatic young ass! I know you mean well, but this is no time for a noble sacrifice. I can't make a change at this late date. Get a grip on yourself and maybe something will happen."

It was good advice but small encouragement. Brick did his best, but his nerves were far too ragged. He spent a restless, tossing night, and climbed from bed the following morning weary and unrefreshed. The rest of the crew seemed to have fared no better. They were licked before they started, and they knew it. They would have died rather than admit it.

Late in the afternoon they set their shell gently in the water, stepped gingerly into their places, and paddled slowly toward the starting line. The day was clear and windless, the water smooth. Brick remarked this with half-hearted satisfaction. He was hardly conscious of the noisy crowd that packed the western bank and the colorful, flag-bedecked pleasure boats that lined the course. He tried to work himself into the nervous sweat which he always associated with a race. He wanted to feel his stomach writhe with nausea, but knew instead a placid indifference which seemed to chill his soul.

As they reached the starting line and paddled lazily to hold the boat against the current, Coach Ryan approached in a launch, which was maneuvered carefully to the stern of the shell. Then, under the amazed stares of the crew, Coach Ryan removed a canvas-wrapped object from the launch and placed it between the coxswain's knees.

"Hey, listen! Why the cargo?" Brick protested. "What's the idea?"

"It's a present for you boys from Peanut Higgins," the coach explained. "He decided you'd need an outboard motor to win the race."

"Do you mean," Brick flared, "that we've got to carry that thing?"

"That's exactly what I mean!" snapped the coach. "Take it and like it! Beat it, now. They're ready to start."

BRICK heard angry mutterings behind him, but the crew automatically obeyed the coxswain's commands and brought the shell to the starting line. California was on their left with a group of huskies that seemed to make their frail shell bulge—formidable brutes, brown as Kanakas. They rated as favorites, and it was this outfit that Brick's crew had been coached to lick. Brick grinned wryly. Cornell, Penn, and Syracuse were on the right. Beyond California, the other crews, poised like huge water bugs, stretched away to the west bank.

Brick's knees came up under his chin at the command of the starter, his oar stretched to grab the water. The pistol cracked, the water churned from savagely driven blades. Coxswains barked in staccato bursts, and the race was under way.

Their start, Brick knew, was good, and he grunted with relief as he settled down to set the pace for the terrific four-mile grind. They were holding a steady thirty; the motion of the shell was smooth. Maybe things weren't so bad, at that.

With his body coiling and uncoiling to the steady mechanical rhythm of the stroke, Brick's thoughts began to stray. He found his curious gaze wandering to the strange object between Hadden's knees. What a childish gesture! Merely added weight. The coach was slipping in his applied psychology, but the poor old cuss was probably desperate.

"How do we stand?" he grunted.

"Mile and a quarter," said Hadden. "Navy's out by a length. California's taking it easy right behind. Wisconsin's hanging to their tail. We're half a length behind Wisconsin."

"Hold thirty!"

"O. K."

Another mile, and groping fingers of fatigue began to find Brick's arms and shoulders. He stifled a curse. That wasn't right. Thirty to the minute should be child's play for that distance. He'd never been conscious of that sensation when—he checked, then admitted it to himself—when Peanut Higgins was in the stern.

"Hell!" he grunted.

"What?" asked Hadden.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DON'T RISK "B.O."

(Body Odor)

THE merest hint of "B.O." (*body odor*) ruins all charm. Yet it's so easy to be guilty and not know it because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Play safe! Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, searching, purifying lather *deodorizes* pores — stops "B.O." Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Try these "facials"

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the skin. Then rinse. Watch dull complexions freshen and glow with natural health-beauty.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

[REMOTE CONTROL
Continued from page twenty-seven]

"Shut up!" Another dozen strokes; then, "Where are we?"

"California's closed with Navy. Both two lengths ahead of Wisconsin. Wisconsin's half a length ahead of us. Syracuse is raising the count. They'll pass us in a minute."

"We've got to pick it up! Call thirty-two!"

Brick raised the stroke and felt the added strain. He was conscious, too, of a sluggishness as the men behind picked up the beat. The boat was checking in its run. What in heaven's name was wrong? Who was off? If Peanut were there, he'd know!

Sweat was trickling into his eyes. He shook his head, but the effort hurt him. What in the devil was the matter with him? Where was his strength? Was his last race going to be a thing of shame? Damn that tightness in his legs!

"We're picking up a little." There was a note of doubt in Hadden's voice. "Can you hold it there?"

Brick snarled in reply. Could they hold it there? Asking them! Peanut would have said—

"Hold it there, you yellow mutts!"

Brick started so violently that he almost caught a crab. Who had said that? He felt a quiver run through the shell at the effect of the rasping words, and the next instant his confused mind grasped an incredible thing.

Hadden, steering with the ropes looped about his elbows, had whipped off the covering of the "outboard motor." A compact radio receiving set was there! A quick adjustment at the risk of swerving the boat, and Hadden brought the voice in clear and strong:

"Ya-a-a-a, you lazy bums! I'm up here on the bridge and I've got a pair of glasses on you! You look like a bunch of high-school kids in a canoe! You Wyatt, you big ape, quit rushing your slide! Get in there and work!"

THE effect was magical. Brick heard a few angry, surprised grunts behind, but the motion of the boat smoothed out nevertheless. He experienced a strange feeling of exultation. There was a new sound to the chunking of the oars in their locks, a new life to the fragile craft. And then he wondered vaguely whether his own body could hold out—his aching legs, his burning lungs, his tortured shoulders. And then the voice again—scornful, vicious:

"You're letting 'em down, Brick! You're letting the rest do all the work! I've always thought you were a quitter, and look at you now! Come on, pick up that stroke! Give me ten! One, two, three— Ah-h-h! And now ten more, you lazy clucks!"

Brick gave the ten, and then ten more. His arms, it seemed, were being torn from their sockets. No feeling in his legs, numb maybe, or probably the creeping film of rage was dulling his agony.

"Hold thirty-four! Hold it, I say, and you can lick the Navy! The rest are back, but you'll never catch California! You haven't got the guts! Those boys are men, and you're a bunch of mugs. Come on—a mile to go!"

Brick felt the cool shadow of the bridge upon his streaming shoulders. They shot beneath the towering piles and out upon the other side.

"A length behind! A length behind!" the hateful voice took up the chant. "You've got to give me thirty-six. Ha!" A burst of scornful laughter. "I knew you couldn't! You're licked, all through! Turn around and go back home!"

And so the beat went up to thirty-six, and Brick could feel the raging fury of the men behind.

From the corner of his eye Brick could see the stern of California's boat. But there they stuck. No power on earth, it seemed, could overcome that lead. They'd have to raise the stroke! Brick would have to set the pace, and he knew, with a sob of desperation, that his body was not equal to the task.

"It's got to go to forty!"—Peanut again. "Pick it up, you big baboons! You're curling up! Ah—maybe not! Brick can't give you forty! His nerve's run out! Now listen, Brick. How'd you like to know that I was engaged? Ha!" The laugh came shrill and derisive. "I can see your face! Don't grit your teeth. Come on, now, give me forty! You ought to be good for something!"

Brick closed his eyes. The filthy little pup! His fingers gripped the oar with a force that was shortly going to find the other's neck. Dimly he heard the shrieking of the sirens and the whistles of the anchored yachts. He heard the yapping voice calling off the count. Something snapped within his head. Quick darkness! Then the shock of water upon his face.

He looked into the grinning countenance of Tommy Hadden.

"We licked 'em, fella!"

"Ah! But—"

The radio again.

"Nice work, Brick!" Peanut's voice was hardly recognizable. It was tired and faint. "I lied about the engagement, and I'm sorry. You ought to know that she wouldn't have any use for a runt—nobody has. It's—"

"And now, folks," cut in the voice of the professional announcer, "you have just heard the gritty little Peanut Higgins cox his glorious crew to victory. Mr. Higgins insisted upon being brought here from a sick bed, where he conceived the idea of mounting a radio in the shell. You understand, of course, that Mr. Higgins' language was all in the vernacular, and that—"

"Bah!" said Brick, reaching over to snap it off. "It was the kind of vernacular we needed. We won, didn't we?"

"Yeah," admitted Wyatt. "But we'll probably be disqualified."

Brick considered this and agreed.

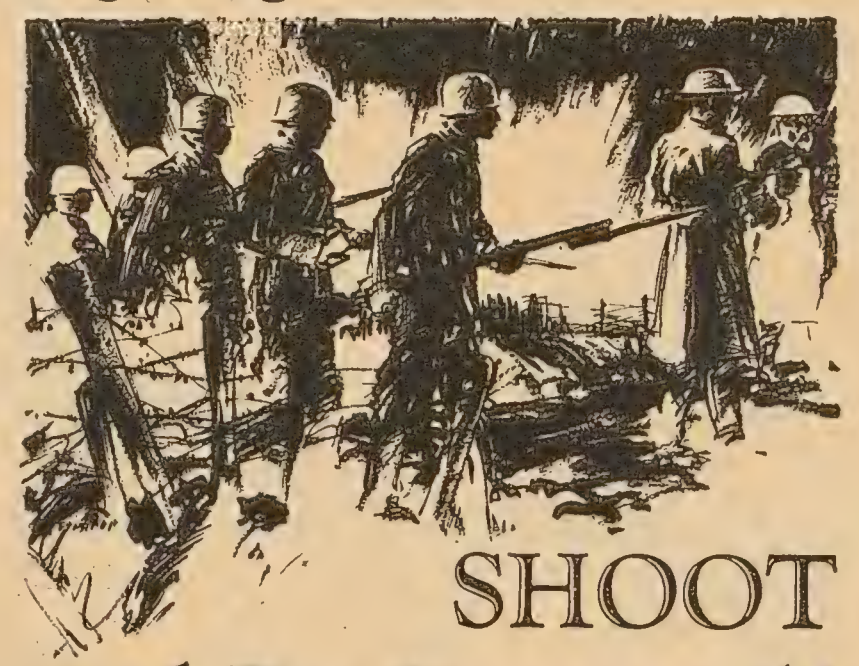
"Uh-huh, we may, at that. But nobody can say we weren't the first across the finish line."

Wyatt chuckled. "You're damn' right. They can't take that away from us!" The others grunted agreement. "But, say, what did that little fool mean by saying that nobody had any use for a runt?"

"I don't know," said Brick. "But he was wrong. Come on, let's go."

THE END

Beginning Next Week—



SHOOT and Be Damned!

The authentic, overpowering, and till now untold inside story of his thirteen months in German prison camps, by the first doughboy the Kaiser's troops captured.

Sergeant Ed Halyburton, D.S.M.

as told to

RALPH GOLL

His army nickname was "Hard-boiled," and did he live up to it!—through crisis after crisis of man-killing privation, deadly peril, and subtle attempts to undermine the patriotism of the Germans' American prisoners.

A Few Notes *on the Coming* ELECTION

By Dr. Seuss

"This Image is no longer available"

"This Image is no longer available"

OUR FISH-CATCHING PRESIDENTS

SO firmly has Hoover established Fishing as a Presidential Virtue, that this year someone is running against him on a Straight Fish Platform. "This country," claims Candidate Schlepfer, "has had too many trout-fishing executives. Trout-fishing only gets them out of the way on week-ends. If *I* am elected, I promise to leave the country immediately for four years of Whaling at the South Pole!"

OUR OSCULATING CANDIDATES

WHEN election approaches and candidates start kissing every baby they can lay hands on, young mothers are always put in an embarrassing fix. If a mother withholds her baby, the candidate is offended; if she yields the baby, the baby is offended. This problem, fortunately, has been solved by the invention of the Campaign Snookums, a kissable dummy that will fool even the most experienced campaigner.

"This Image is no longer available"

OUR PARTY MASCOTS

THE Republicans have a little trick up their sleeves that may easily cause a G. O. P. landslide. Realizing that their mascot—the elephant—is pretty old stuff, they are replacing it with something much snappier. On approval, the Higgenbothum Biological Studios has bred up some special models, any one of which is guaranteed to make the Democratic Donkey look like twenty cents.

BEHIND THE

Vivienne Osborne, Edward G. Robinson, and Preston Foster in Two Seconds.

Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans in Huddle.

Edward G. Robinson in a Death-Cha
Lee; and Tom Mix

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 min. 50 sec.)

LILA LEE, long absent from the films because of illness, is back again, and you will have a chance to welcome her return in Universal's Radio Patrol.

Miss Lee started as a child entertainer in a Gus Edwards vaudeville act. She was launched in films as a star, failed, started all over, and won her way to the top—only to lose her health. She has had enough bad breaks to discourage a dozen stalwart souls.

I, for one, think the little girl deserves a great big hand. Such grit and courage ought to bring success, if there is any justice to be found in the complicated maze of things as they are.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ TWO SECONDS

CAST

John Allen ..... Edward G. Robinson
Bud ..... Preston Foster
Shirley ..... Vivienne Osborne
Tony ..... J. Carrol Naish
Bookie ..... Guy Kibbee
Annie ..... Adrienne Dore
Judge ..... Walter Walker
Lizzie ..... Dorothea Wolbert
The Doctor ..... Robert McWade
The Warden ..... Berton Churchill
A College Boy ..... William Janney

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.
Produced by Warner Brothers-First National.

Maybe we have come to expect too much of Edward G. Robinson on the screen. At least, his performance here does not measure up to his recent vivid film work. Nor does the photoplay itself.

The picture has a morbid idea that seems to lose force in the telling. On the theory that the mind of a condemned man in the electric chair races on for two seconds between the pulling of the switch and ultimate oblivion, this starts with the execution and then details the living over of the crime.

Thus you see a trusting skyscraper riveter, John Allen, marry a no-good dance-hall girl, discover her faithlessness, and, torn with passion and disillusionment, kill her. Then you swing back to the execution chamber as the witnesses reel before the horror of legal murder. The film starts and ends with the whir of the prison dynamo.

A ghastly shocker, this loses some of its potency as it unfolds. For one thing, Little Cæsar Robinson is not at his best.

★ ★ HUDDLE

CAST

Tony ..... Ramon Novarro
Rosalie ..... Madge Evans
Thelma ..... Una Merkel
Coach Malcolm ..... Ralph Graves
Pidge ..... John Arledge
Mr. Amatto ..... Henry Armetta
Mrs. Amatto ..... Ferike Boros

Directed by Sam Wood.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I seldom fail to marvel at the wonders performed by the movies. Here, for instance, that gentle Mexican tenor, Ramon Novarro, is transformed into a brawny Italian steel puddler of Gary, Indiana, who goes to Yale, tears the lines of Harvard and Dartmouth to shreds, and marches on to everlasting glory in the football annals of Old Eli.

You may have doubts about the realism of Señor Novarro's muscles and accent, but you will find the story to be a little more than the usual college-gridiron yarn; for it details the raising of an uncouth, self-centered, unsocial greenhorn to sport glories, to a superb state of cranial inflation, and then shows how he acquires the true college spirit, giving his all just as a coördinating part of the team. That's the yarn: how Tony finds himself for his dear old alma mater.

The flower of Hollywood's youth strives hard to catch the spirit of Yale, but I am afraid that the most authentic portrait is that of Henry Armetta as Tony's immigrant father. I liked, too, Madge Evans as the New Haven campus inspiration.

BLACK MASK

Tom Mix and Lois Wilson in Destry of Death Valley.

Russell Hopton, Lila Lee, and Robert Armstrong in Radio Patrol.

Shocker; Football; the Return of Lila Another Sound Film

JAMES SMITH

★ RADIO PATROL

CAST

Bill Kennedy.....Robert Armstrong
Pat Bourke.....Russell Hopton
Sue.....Lila Lee
Vern.....June Clyde
Pete Wiley.....Andy Devine
Carl Hughes.....Onslow Stevenson
Smoky Johnson.....John L. Johnson

Directed by Edward Cahn.
Produced by Universal.

Another X-ray of the brave, sentimental hearts that beat beneath police shields. Another glorification of the underpaid, misunderstood, fearless cops who protect us from ourselves.

Two police rookies love the same girl. The one who wins her is tempted to accept a bribe, but he vindicates himself later by his bravery.

The slight element of novelty comes from the glimpse of radio patrols in action, guided by air calls from headquarters.

Lila Lee makes her return as the copper's bride, a rôle offering almost as few opportunities as that of a city editor's wife.

No stars DESTRY OF DEATH VALLEY

CAST

Tom Rigby.....Tom Mix
Helen Joyce.....Lois Wilson
Lew.....Fred Kohler
Larribe.....Forrest Stanley
Joyce.....Willard Robertson
Betty Joyce.....Edith Fellows
Tony.....Tony
Dance-hall Girl.....Mae Busch
Citizens.....{Otis Harlan, Max Ascher}

Directed by Albert Rogell.
Produced by Universal.

Tom Mix is back in the saddle again, this being the second time he has ridden Tony along the sound tracks. Herein is presented an ingenuous tale (1910 model) of two wicked slickers who are trying to rob an innocent gal from the East of a gold mine.

Brave, reckless, resourceful Tom injects himself into the proceedings and saves the heroine from loss of the mine, death from thirst in Death Valley, elimination via dynamite at the hands of one of the bad men, and a half dozen other assorted fates. Such bulldog determination and ingenuity as these scoundrels reveal for six reels somehow deserve a better fate. But Tom gets the girl and vultures get the bad boys.

And—

SIN'S PAYDAY (Mayfair production).—Another dissolute but lovable underworld attorney is the hero of this crudely produced independent production. Dorothy Revier is featured as the unhappy wife of the lawyer who takes blood money to win verdicts of not guilty, while Forrest Stanley is the bad boy of the criminal courts. The acting is weak in this version of Hollywood's currently popular plot.

Do you know that—

The rights to refilm Broken Blossoms, D. W. Griffith's famous film, as a talkie have been purchased for Janet Gaynor?

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One for All

A Story of Chita the Cheater and the Battle of the Cooin' Doves

By COREY FORD

(Reading time: 34 minutes 35 seconds.)

"I ARSK yer—a cooin' dove!" Professor Daugherty hitched his stool forward contemptuously. "Oo ever heard of such a thing, I puts it to yer fair?"

He dipped the point of his tattooing needle in a saucer of magenta dye, freed the tangled length of electric cord with an impatient flick of his wrist, and clamped the kidneys of his victim firmly between his knees.

"Gimme a Kewpid, 'e says," grumbled the Professor, scowling through his thick spectacles at the tentative sketch on his client's naked shoulder blade, "riding a cooin' dove, 'e says, with the Stars and Stripes, 'e says, a-floating over all. Gorblimy, whatever put such an idea in your 'ead?"

Biff McLarnin rested his elbows on his knees and laced his thick fingers guiltily.

"Ten years I've followed the fleet," brooded Professor Daugherty, "from Brooklyn to Newport, from Frisco to Panamar, from Panamar down 'ere to Cuba—and for what? A bleedin' cooin' dove!" He snapped on the electric current vindictively. "Ain't yer got no pride? Don't yer even hanker for a *dry*gon?"

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

Before him the tapering wedge of bared seagoing back rose in a hard and muscular curve toward the slouched pair of shoulders, the thick neck and flattened cauliflower ears that attested to Biff McLarnin's pugilistic career in the navy. Upon this broad and sunburned expanse, like tracings on the dark wall of a neolithic cave, a comprehensive collection of earlier masterpieces from the Daugherty needle rose and fell with the regular expansion and contraction of his lungs. Around his swelling diaphragm a flock of bluebirds dipped and swooped with each breath toward the tangled sanctuary of his hirsute chest. In the small of his back a green-and-lavender mermaid popped up and down just over the laces of his tight non-reg trousers. A nude Venus beamed from his round upper biceps with a beatific smile.

The Professor inspected this sentimental Memory's Album with a cold and unsympathetic eye. "Lookit yer, now," he grumbled, poising the humming needle ominously in mid-air. "Lookit yer back! Gloria, Estelle, Vivian, Myrtle," he read in disgust, "a Dolly twin on either 'ip, and over on your stummick—'Enrietta! To say nothing of a dozen others where I don't even mention. Blimy, you're nothing but a bleedin' address book already!"

"Step on it, pop," groaned Biff McLarnin, cracking under the suspense. "I gotta date."

"You got a date!" With a snort, Professor Daughert jabbed the buzzing needle viciously into the defenseless back The beatific smile of the nude Venus widened abruptly into startled smirk as Biff flexed his muscles convulsively an clutched the sides of his chair with sweaty hands. "'Ere it i your first forty-eight ashore in Cuba, and you got a date al ready! Don't you never have nothing but dates? In Brooklyn it was Viola, in Frisco it was Fannie, and now in Guantánam City," he glowered, tracing his needle around the delicate out line of the chubby Cupid, "it's Chita."

Biff McLarnin hung his head contritely.

"'Chita,'" mocked the Professor in savage falsett "'Chita,' 'e says 'er name is. 'C-h-i-t-a,' 'e says, and over it Kewpid mounted on a cooin' dove, 'e says, and holding the Sta and Stripes. And for the very same price," he brooded, "'e mig of had Custer's Larst Stand, aye, or even a Burmese toad."

"It ain't that," explained Biff uncomfortably. "This he is something special, see? This here is a copy of a very pa ticular design. This here—" he began tenderly.

"GET up" said the weary voice of authority. Biff released his grip automatically.

"Set still," snarled the Professor, "and don't be 'eaving your bloody carcass all over the shop."

"This here design," continued Biff, settling back with his elbows on his knees, like a conception by Rodin, "is really a sort of an old family crest."

"When did you ever get a family crest?" snorted Professor Daugherty.

"It ain't my family crest," corrected Biff. "It's hers. She said so. I ast her."

"How do you know it's her family crest?"

"I seen it," replied Biff reverently, "tattooed on her just above the knee. She said that was always the custom here in Cuba. She said they always tattooed their family crest on their knee like that. She said—" he breathed, turning with starry eyes.

"NAH, then," said the Professor, gripping a bare shoulder in his hand and swinging his client around again into position. He swabbed the surplus ink from the design, and shook his head. "You've made me spoil your Kewpid, so yer kid, and I'll have to put overhalls onto 'im to cover 'is shyme."

"She said," subsided Biff, "that I was the very first man that ever seen her family crest. Can you imagine?"

"No," said Professor Daugherty grimly.

"Well, sir, I want to tell you, that was just about the proudest moment of my life," said Biff dreamily. "She said from now on it was just a secret between us two. Just me and her. She said she knew someone like me would come along some day."

"I could of told her that," murmured the Professor with elaborate sarcasm.

"So that's why I thought it would be a kind of a nice token to get it tattooed onto me too," concluded Biff. "Just the very same thing tattooed on the both of us, it sort of seems more—eternal. Of course, only her and me would ever know what it meant. I thought it would be a kind of a nice token to surprise her."

"By the way," inquired the Professor significantly, "'ow did you happen to run acrost this family crest?"

"You got her wrong, pop," replied Biff, without rancor. "You don' un'erstand. This babe is different. All women is different, but this babe," he concluded triumphantly, "is *different*."

Professor Daugherty traced the marcelled outlines of a dove's wing in skeptical silence.

"SHE works in Chinese Mike's," said Biff. "That's a sort of chophouse and cabaret. She sells cigarettes and sings a little. That's how I seen her first. I went in there last night wit' Larry Hansen"—his face darkened for a moment at the mention of his erstwhile pal—"and of course he begun to make a pass at her right off. Well, I seen how she was a nice girl, and I wasn't gonna stand by an' see her take insults offen no common sailor, so naturally I pushed Larry in the face and grabbed her meself to proteck her, like any gentleman would. So that's how we first come to get acquainted."

"Now, ain't that a coincidence!" said the Professor.

"Ain't it?" Biff beamed. "An' she was so grateful! I never seen anybody so grateful as she was. She put her arms aroun' me and kissed me and tol' me how no sailor had ever tried before to proteck her. She said she was lonely and nobody understood her or cared for her. She said she didn' have no parents, or even no home excep' a hovel. She was just working here at Chinese Mike's—"

"To support her little sister," supplied the Professor.

"How'd you know?" admired Biff. "That's just exactly what she's doing there—supporting her little sister. Just working her fingers to the bone selling cigarettes or taking insults from some low-minded bum like Larry that thinks all women is alike." He straightened and stared before him dreamily. "Just a sweet little innocent flower—"

"I arsk yer!" Professor Daugherty reached up and shoved his client's head down again in exasperation. "*Will* you set still? Gorblimy, I might be brandin' cattle." He completed the last undulating bars of the flag, wiped off the ink from the design, squinted, added one star, and then clapped his restless client smartly on the back. "Nah, then, get up and get out," he growled, "an' don't be comin' back 'ere tomorrer to have it tyken offen yer again."

"Not me, pop," assured Biff, thrusting his arms through the sleeves of his white blouse and pulling it down over his head. "Her and me is set. We're love-mates. She said I was the first fellow she ever let tattoo her name onto him before. You know what she said that means here in Cuba?"

He paused and beamed confidently at Professor Daugherty.

"She said it means we're love-mates." He crammed his white hat determinedly on the back of his skull. "Now let some palooka try and barge in on this babe. Just let him!"

Biff glowered belligerently around the deserted basement shop, but no rival bluejacket appeared to accept his challenge.

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"GIT ya lines, git ya lines," Larry muttered down into his chest. "You're makin' a bum outen the both of us."

[ONE FOR ALL
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With a confident swagger, Biff yanked down the waist of his tight blouse, knocked his white hat forward with the heel of his hand, and strode magnificently through the door. Professor Daugherty watched his wide, flapping trousers mount the steps to the sidewalk and disappear with rolling seagoing gait in the direction of Chinese Mike's. A slow smile spread over his face. He mixed another saucer of magenta dye and his cracked voice quavered in an old familiar strain:

". . . And up and down 'er spine
The 'Orse Guards marched in line,
And on 'er left kidney
Was a bird's-eye view of Sydney. . . ."

. . . . . .

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the Scouting Fleet had already dropped their mudhooks in the bleak shelter of Guantánamo Bay, preparatory for winter maneuvers; and the adjacent liberty port of Guantánamo City swarmed with eager man-o'-war's men, released for the moment from the monastic restrictions of life on a battle-wagon.

Sailors on shore leave cruised along the narrow streets in predatory groups of twos and threes, their collars freshly creased, their hats cocked forward, their eyes swinging like defense guns from left to right as they raked the burgeoning doorways and balconies with a cold and appraising gaze.

Demure eyes winked from casement windows into the seasoned grins of salty swains; demure lips parted in welcoming smiles; demure ankles twinkled obediently down the sidewalks, flanked on either side by sturdy bell-bottomed legs in white. Corks popped and native music grated behind closed shutters, seagoing voices roared in song, seagoing fists swung angrily in dark alleys and later clinked glasses together again over a mahogany bar. Guantánamo City was reaping its annual harvest. The fleet was in.

At Chinese Mike's cabaret, pleasantly free from the cramping influence of epauletted authority, the evening's major fleet activities had centered; and here Biff turned his own steps in amiable content. His feet rode like corks over the cobbles; his face wore an expression of mooning idiocy as he reflected contentedly upon the rare secret that he shared alone with Chita. Upon his left shoulder blade his recent epidermic decoration itched and smarted, and Biff permitted himself to bask for a moment in the warm conviction of noble martyrdom. After all, a fellow couldn't do no more for no girl than this. No girl, he bet, never had nothing nicer ever done for her before.

In the golden haze of his imagination, as he hurried toward Chinese Mike's, he even pictured to himself her amazement and delight when he first showed her the surprise he had in store. His mental eye dwelt luxuriously on the smile of gratitude that would light her face when she recognized her family crest, the understanding pressure of her hand as she would exclaim: "Why, Biff—all for *me?*" They would look softly into each other's eyes, their hearts linked as one in this secret that bound them together. "I can't hardly believe it," she would murmur. "Biff, it's—it's just too good to be true!"

For a moment a small cloud crossed the serene summer sky of his daydreams. How, he wondered, could he get around to showing her his tattoo? Obviously the essen-

tially public character of Chinese Mike's cabaret precluded his removing his blouse without plausible excuse. He discarded as impracticable the idea of taking off his shirt on the excuse that it was too warm. Perhaps, he reflected, he could entice her into a midnight swim. Perhaps there would be a fire, and he could rip his shirt into strips and lower her out the window. Perhaps he could sprain his back, and ask her to rub him down with liniment. Perhaps he could even swing the conversation to acrobatics, and offer to take off his shirt and show her a few simple feats of strength. Love would find a way!

With a confident shrug, Biff flipped three-quarters of a cigarette into the gutter, nodded cavalierly to a grim-faced member of the Shore Patrol loitering on the sidewalk outside Chinese Mike's, and shouldered up the stone steps and through the gaping crowd of bluejackets wedged in the door of the cabaret. He halted suddenly. His mooning smile waned; his jaw hardened; his fists bunched dangerously. He crossed the polished floor in stony silence.

"WHAT'S the big idear?" demanded Biff darkly.

Over the rim of an upraised wineglass, Chita's red lips parted and her teeth flashed as she looked up with a startled smile of greeting. If her eyes betrayed a momentary confusion, they masked it at once behind a melting and innocent gaze. Her dark lashes lowered demurely; her tiny body—tiny in the compact sense that an ounce of trinitrotoluene is tiny—twined and thrilled seductively beneath a thin sheen of black silk; both her arms extended toward him across the table and her pudgy baby fingers wriggled and clutched the air, in a twinkle of rings and jangling bracelets, as she beckoned to him eagerly.

"Beef—allo, Beef! Here—come here!"

"I ast you," repeated Biff, looking past her grimly to the nonchalant sailor seated beside her, "what's the big idear?"

Larry Hansen removed his arm leisurely from Chita's plump waist, and faced the beetling scowl of his outraged shipmate with a calm and infuriating grin. His lean and handsome face tilted impudently toward Biff's homely features above him, pounded and flattened by countless boxing gloves until the padding of his countenance had gradually spread into a perpetual puckered expression of childish bewilderment. His little eyes blinked from Larry to Chita in the first pain of disillusionment.

Larry waved his hand casually toward a vacant chair.

"Siddown, Biff, old pal," offered Larry generously. "Me and Chita was just wondering what had become of ya. She said ya was coming here tonight. But I says to her, no, ya never can tell about Biff; I says probably you met some other dame already

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ONE FOR ALL
Continued from page thirty-five]

and forgot all about her. You know how us sailors is. Like in New York—"

Biff's crumpled ears hugged the side of his head like an angry mule's, and he gazed at his shipmate with mounting suspicion. Something was funny somewhere. Someone, he felt, was trying to pull a fast one. His brow wrinkled.

"—was telling her how you useta have eight or ten babes at a time," laughed Larry easily. "I never seen such a guy wit' the babes. So naturally I figured you might never show up at all. So Chita said she was lonely and there wasn't nobody else to proteck her. You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Biff," he said suddenly.

"What?" said Biff, a little confused.

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself," Larry repeated evenly, "standing up a nice gal like Chita. It's a lucky thing I just happened to come along. Ain't it, Chita?"

Chita glanced quickly from one face to the other and nodded vaguely.

"So naturally I tol' her she wouldn't never be lonely no more when you stood her up like this," said Larry. "Didn't I, Chita? Like I was telling her about the ship's show Friday night. I was telling her how I was playing the lead in the show—"

"You got her wrong, pop," replied Biff. "You don' un'erstand. This babe is different."

"*I'm* playing the lead in the show," said Biff.

"I was telling her how she oughta come and see it," ignored Larry. "Wasn't I, Chita?"

"I was gonna ask her to the show," said Biff slowly. "Wasn't I, Chita?"

Chita nodded and shook her head simultaneously.

"Ain't that too bad!" sighed Larry. "I already ast her. Didn't I, Chita?"

Chita looked up with a frightened smile. "I go wiz both of you. Sit down, Beef, hah? Please sit down. Please—"

BIFF rested his palms heavily on the table and considered the situation. Slowly his thought processes were beginning to function. In the recesses of his mind a profound conviction was gradually forming that Larry was not precisely working for the best interests of his pal. Some primal instinct, relic of forgotten jungle days, warned him that his erstwhile shipmate was even endeavoring to do him a little dirt. Biff's eyes narrowed craftily; his mouth opened like a grain elevator rising through the sidewalk; he leaned forward ominously.

"What I want to know is," he demanded, putting his finger on the very nub of the problem, "what's the big idear, anyhow?"

"Somebody, quick, have a drink," urged Chita, striving to grasp a conversation that seemed rapidly spinning out of her reach. "Hah, Beef? Hah, Larry?"

"I'm takin' her to the show Friday, that's all," replied Larry, returning his gaze calmly across the table. "What's more, I'm gonna proteck her from mugs like you."

"You lay offen this bim," said Biff slowly, choosing his words with care. "This bim is my bim. You lay offen her, Larry, or—"

"Look—hah—let's do something!" interrupted Chita hurriedly, in a panicky effort to quell the impending riot. Her racing mind recalled a newspaper description of the sinking of the Titanic. "Let's sing," she said hysterically —"let's sing Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"Me lay offen her?" laughed Larry contemptuously. "That's funny! Ain't I seen her first? Ain't I taking her home tonight? Ain't I even planning," he added casually, "to get her name tattooed—"

Something sang in Biff's mind. Here was a definite cause for resentment. Here at last was something concrete he could put his finger on. Now he knew that he was sore.

"You get her name tattooed onto you," he roared, his fist drawing back like a piston, "and I'll knock you out from under it!"

"Go peddle ya papers—" began Larry.

Chita screamed shrilly. The table rose, sat heavily for a moment on end, then splintered upon its back with a crash of glass and brisk rattle of ketchup bottles and incidental cutlery.

THE two locked combatants tottered and then spilled backward upon the polished floor, rolling over and over in a revolving tangle of arms and legs. Biff had a successive view of scampering ankles, the ceiling, sailor pants hopping hurriedly out of the way, Chita's terrified face overhead, Larry's face beneath him, a forest of table legs, the ceiling again. Then abruptly, as they flopped over once more, his face halted an inch from a stalwart pair of tan leggings parked ominously in his path.

"Get up," said the weary voice of authority.

Biff released his grip automatically. Slowly his eye traveled upward from the tan leggings to the webbed belt with its swinging club, up the right sleeve to the blue brassard with the significant letters S. P. in yellow. He crawled to his knees and rose in a loaded silence.

"O. K.," said Second-Class Bos'n's Mate Maginnis. "Let's have ya liberty card."

"Ya see, it was this way," began Biff in a faint voice.

"Yeh, I seen," said Mr. Maginnis. "Fighting in public, profanity, inciting to riot— Let's have ya card!"

"But lissen." Biff choked on his own sense of outraged justice. "This other bum—"

"Ya hoid me," said Mr. Maginnis, taking the card. "Leave's canceled. Report back to ya ship."

Biff licked his lips. For a moment he blinked his eyes damply, and gazed from Chita's frightened face to the tantalizing look of mock sympathy on the countenance of Larry Hansen. He turned and shuffled dully across the floor.

"I guess you know how sorry I am this happened," whispered Larry, putting an arm about the sagging shoulders of his crushed shipmate. "I don' need to tell ya—"

Biff shrugged the solicitous arm from his shoulders wearily.

"Don' take it so hard, old man," continued Larry, trudging sympathetically beside him to the door. "I'll try to comfort Chita tonight. I'll do the best I can."

Biff halted and raised his blurred eyes hopelessly. He

opened his mouth, and shut it again. In silence he plodded through the door and down the stone steps into the night.

Larry shook his head sorrowfully. "I'll see ya Friday at the play," he called after him cheerfully.

With a contented smile, Larry turned briskly, dusted his hands, and started back across the polished floor. His smile suddenly faded. Across the room, Second-Class Bos'n's Mate Maginnis was seated comfortably beside Chita, his arm about her plump waist, his eyes gazing soulfully into hers. As Larry stared, he poured her a glass of wine, without removing his eyes, and lifted it slowly to her lips. Larry turned again, set his white hat philosophically on the back of his head, hung his thumbs in the waistband of his trousers, and sauntered thoughtfully out through the door.

. . . . .

IT was ten o'clock on Friday night, and the annual ship's show of the U. S. S. Brooklyn, which had been scheduled to start promptly at eight, was ready to get under way almost any minute now.

Everything was in readiness for the opening night. The improvised curtain, fastened insecurely to an overhead boom, refused either to lower or to rise. The paint on the scenery was still fresh, and transferred itself to the actors in lugubrious green smears. The mountains on the sagging back drop leaned and rippled dizzily. Someone had stepped inadvertently into the footlights and short-circuited the entire system. There were no ladies' shoes adequate to accommodate the sizable dogs of the chorus, and the ingénue lead had mislaid his wig. None of the performers knew his lines, the adagio dancers were not speaking, the xylophone specialist had showed up drunk, and three of the leading characters, swept away that afternoon by their Thespian responsibilities, were now doing summary penance in the brig.

Beyond the footlights a thousand restless man-o'-war's men huddled in a wriggling block of white, stamping impatiently in unison, whistling, booing, applauding, howling above the plaintive efforts of the perspiring orchestra out front. The roar of the crowd reverberated against the trembling curtain, rebounded, rolled back over the chafing and irritable audience and across the dark water to the lighted ships riding silently at anchor in Guantánamo Bay.

Backstage, Chaplain Scofield cupped his hands to his ears and rocked his head back and forth in bleak despair. Author, producer, director, designer, costumer, property man, press agent, and emergency understudy for the whole production, the persecuted chaplain had come to feel tonight that he was the entire cast as well. Amid the pandemonium he skidded back and forth like an agitated water bug, fastening safety pins, checking lights, rehearsing last-minute changes in lines, smearing lipstick and grease paint on scowling countenances, shaving hairy legs, adjusting brassières, patting wigs into place, frantically daubing the number eleven brogues of the chorus with a camouflage of gilt paint.

His hair was rumpled, his eyes glazed, his voice hoarse and spent. Convinced in his heart at least that nothing worse could possibly happen, he threw up his hands and gave orders to ring up the curtain.

"Curtain going up," croaked Chaplain Scofield hopelessly. "Curtain going up, everybody!"

In one corner of the littered stage Biff McLarnin crouched, oblivious to the surrounding confusion. His eyes were glued to a tiny peephole in the canvas curtain, and the stub of a dead cigar pitched glumly from one side to the other of his painted Cupid's bow mouth. A blonde wig was slightly askew over one ear, his stalwart calves were incased in sheer silk stockings, his feet were crammed painfully into a pair of high-heeled feminine slippers. Beneath the lipstick and rouge his battered countenance was knotted in a scowl. Suspicion, like a glacier, was progressing slowly across his mind.

Chita was there in the audience. Biff could watch her from his vantage point behind the curtain as she dimpled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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and glanced demurely about her and nestled her plump cheek, by a regrettable coincidence, directly against the conspicuous blue brassard on the arm of Second-Class Bos'n's Mate Maginnis. In the back of Biff's mind an alluvial deposit of doubt was gradually mounting. Six successive trips from his dressing room to this peephole in the curtain had failed thus far to discover any distaste on Chita's part for the company of Mr. Maginnis. On the contrary, so far as he could see, he was not even being missed. Biff could find only one crumb of comfort. At least, he reflected, she wasn't with Larry Hansen, either. That was something. Not much; but something.

"Curtain going up," repeated the chaplain, more or less to himself.

Biff straightened reluctantly and stalked back to his dressing room, his mind furrowed with little kames and eskers of jealousy. In brooding silence he clambered into the flowing organdie dress which the chaplain fondly believed represented the everyday tramping costume of a white girl in the tropics, and pulled it up over his waist to his broad shoulders. As he groped behind him for the dangling shoulder strap, his eye caught the mirrored reflection of the tattoo on his left shoulder blade.

Biff's heart warmed a little. Anyway, they couldn't take *that* away from him. He rotated his bared shoulder thoughtfully in the mirror; the powerful muscles slid across his back, and the replica of Chita's family crest rocked back and forth like a figure on a merry-go-round. Love-mates, she had said it meant. Perhaps even now, Biff reflected dreamily, Cupid on his dove was speeding on a psychic errand from Biff's left shoulder blade, bearing the Stars and Stripes floating proudly to the rear, winging his invisible course out of the dressing room, across the stage, through the peephole in the curtain, over the audience, direct to his spiritual twin hidden on Chita's right knee.

As long as Biff shared this secret alone with Chita, he reflected more comfortably, neither Larry nor Maginnis could ever really come between them. Just him and her, she had said. Nobody else wouldn't never know. Just him and Chita—

"Curtain going up!" cried the chaplain, popping his head into the dressing room.

His voice retreated into the distance. The opening chorus grouped themselves nervously on the stage; the musicians placed their horns to their lips; the chaplain, his hand on the rope, whispered once more: "Curtain going up!" He gave a tremendous tug on the rope. The curtain parted from the overhead boom with a gentle tearing sound, flapped down slowly, bellied, spread its canvas wings like a motherly bird, and smothered the orchestra completely in a warm embrace.

FOR a moment the startled chorus stared across the abruptly silenced pit to the rocking and hilarious audience, thoroughly cheered by this unexpected turn of events. The chaplain signaled frantically from the wings; the chorus locked arms dubiously about each other's waists, lifted their knobby knees in unison, and automatically began to kick. The show had begun.

The title of this year's production of the U. S. S. Brooklyn, a product of the fertile inspiration of Chaplain Scofield, was How Are You, Hawaii? And the book managed to maintain the level of this felicitous *mot*. The chaplain was an omnivorous reader of the works of Beatrice Grimshaw and Somerset Maugham; and in his own effort, with pardonable sycophancy, he had managed to combine practically all the best features of both.

The scene of the play was the South Seas. The story concerned the career of a young British lord, Lord Helpus, who, it seems, has left home for reasons best known to the chaplain, and has drifted from bad to worse, tasting the bitter dregs at the bottom of life's cup, until at last he can sink no lower and is shipwrecked on the shores of a mythical Polynesian kingdom populated exclusively by the pony ballet. Hailed by these constitutionally credulous natives as a White God, he is wreathed with *leis*, established as the king of the island, and entertained for three-quarters of an hour with a specialty program of banjos, xylophone solos, some sleight of hand, and a mixed quartet.

In the nick of time he is rescued by the timely arrival of his fiancée, Lady Mary, who has rowed ashore nine miles from her yacht to reclaim him from a fate worse than death. Lord Helpus points to his stubble beard and refuses. Mary departs, broken-hearted, rowing her boat back alone over the shark-infested bay; and the remainder of the libretto is devoted to a spectacular storm at sea, a swim against death (graphically described by a chorus of natives who stand with their fingers pointing out over the audience and shouting: "There he goes! Hurry, hurry, hurry!"), a rescue, a romantic reunion, more banjos, and a rousing finale by the entire chorus.

COREY FORD

the author of this story, is a frequent contributor of humorous articles, light fiction, and satiric essays to various periodicals, some under the pen name of John Riddell. He was born in New York in 1902, is unmarried, and lives in Freedom, New Hampshire.

THE character of Lord Helpus, that human driftwood afloat on life's cruel sea, was played by Larry; and for his costume the fecund imagination of the chaplain had reverted to the legendary figure of Robinson Crusoe. The timely demise of the ship's mascot had provided a goatskin, which Larry wore about his sunburned shoulders. The remainder of his dress consisted of a pair of tattered trousers with carefully fringed cuffs, bedroom slippers, and an umbrella. In addition, his blooded British ancestry was suggested by a monocle which he endeavored unsuccessfully to retain in his left eye.

As the moment for the entrance cue of Lady Mary approached, Biff waited darkly in the wings, the sleeves of his organdie dress pulled down over his shaggy wrists, his high-heeled slippers tapping the floor impatiently. From the declaiming figure of his former pal his jealous eye traveled down slowly to the approximate spot in the audience where Chita was sitting. His lower lip projected and his fists tightened grimly. Making a play for her, was he? Trying to put one over, eh? In the midst of his brooding preoccupation he became conscious suddenly of a prolonged and echoing silence on the stage.

"Am I awake or am I dreaming?" repeated Larry, extending his arms to Biff and frowning a little.

Biff glanced questioningly at Chaplain Scofield.

"My beloved," nodded the chaplain nervously.

"My beloved," said Biff, reassured, and he trotted mincingly across the stage, tripped over the edge of his skirt, staggered, and collapsed heavily in Larry's outstretched arms.

Larry reeled slightly under the impact, and braced himself. "Mary!" he shouted above the delighted applause of the audience. "Pray what has brought you here to this spot that God forgot?" He lowered his voice. "What the hell you trying to do? Crab the act?" he added in a hoarse whisper.

"I have come," replied Biff, his arms clinging about Larry's neck, "to bring you back to London—and to decency!"

"Alas, I am but a flotsam and jetsam on life's sea," sighed Larry. "I am not worthy to kiss the hem of your white skirt. . . . Leggo, ya sap," he gasped under his breath. "Ya tryin' to choke me?"

"Richard, *I* believe in you," said Biff, clamping his strangle hold a little tighter. "Is not that . . . Ough!" He bent forward with an involuntary grunt as Larry sank a short jab warningly in his mid-section. "Is not that enough?" he gasped painfully, and released his embrace.

The audience, aware that a new and spontaneous note had crept into the scene, began to follow the progress of the romance with increasing interest.

"I tol' ya to keep ya han's offen me," muttered Larry between his teeth.

"What ya been doing with Chita?" demanded Biff in a hoarse whisper, his scowling face an inch from Larry's.

"I am but the wreck," prompted the chaplain hurriedly from the wings.

"I am but the wreck of my former self," repeated Larry obediently.

"I ast ya," growled Biff in a low voice, clutching Larry's left shoulder in his hand, "what ya been doing with Chita?"

"Go and forgit me!" Larry shouted, ignoring the gritting accusation in his ear. "I cannot let you serl yerself for me. You are too—too *fine!*" He let his hands fall to his sides with a loud slap, and hung his head. "Git ya lines, git ya lines," he muttered down into his chest. "You're makin' a bum outen the both of us."

"If ya been hangin' aroun' my babe—" warned Biff in a strained whisper.

"*Your* babe!" laughed Larry, roused. "Lissen, sap, she don' even know you exist."

THE audience leaned forward eagerly.

"Why can you not," prompted the chaplain from the wings.

"Why can you not come back wit' me to London?" repeated Biff, parrotlike, without removing his accusing eyes from Larry.

"I love you," urged the chaplain desperately.

"I love you," said Biff. His heavy hand tightened its grip on Larry's shoulder, and his fingers disappeared into the furry goatskin. "I got half a mind to push ya face down ya t'roat."

"Leggo," whispered Larry. "It's the heat—the heat!" he cried. "Leggo, will ya?" he murmured in a choked aside. "The fever's in meh blood! . . . Ya wanna sock in the puss? . . . I'm half mad wit' the tropic night—"

"Chees'!" Biff gasped and whipped his hand suddenly from Larry's shoulder. He sucked the bleeding ball of his thumb. "What the hell ya got there—a safety pin?"

"What's more," grinned Larry triumphantly between his teeth, "you know what she said to me las' night?"

"What is that strange look in your eyes?" prompted the chaplain.

"She said," whispered Larry, leaning closer and breathing in Biff's ear—"she said her and me was love-mates."

"What is that strange look in your eyes?" repeated the chaplain a little louder.

"She said—?" Biff gasped. His heart had sunk like a stone. In stunned silence he stared at Larry, oblivious to the chaplain's frantic promptings, oblivious to the increasing hoots and catcalls of the happy audience. Love-mates! He clung like a drowning man to one final straw. At least, he still bore her family crest. "You're a cockeyed liar," Biff announced weakly, without conviction.

The audience held its breath expectantly.

"London!" prompted the chaplain, turning in desperation to Larry.

"London!" repeated Larry, facing his crumpled shipmate with a gloating grin. He clapped his hand tragically to his brow. "Alas! I can see it now: Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, Piccadilly Circus, the Strand— But no! It must not be!"

He swung around and buried his face in his hands. "I cannot return."

He bent forward, his back arched and half turned to Biff, his body racked with convincing sobs. As the strain on his goatskin tightened, the unclasped safety pin on his left shoulder sprang open. The goatskin parted and flapped down from his naked back.

"Go an' forgit me, Mary," urged Larry, unaware of the accident. "'Tis better thus."

Biff stared before him mutely. He blinked. Across Larry's bared shoulder blade a tattooed dove rode confidently on marcelled wings. Upon its back it bore a pudgy Cupid clutching the Stars and Stripes. Beneath the familiar design Biff's eyes were frozen on the single word "Chita."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

There's more Chicle in it

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It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM "MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER"

At the movies — when you can't smoke

That's the time to get ready for the next cigarette. That's the time to freshen your taste sense with Beech-Nut Gum. Chew Beech-Nut between smokes and the next smoke always tastes better—much better!

26 LONG SMOKES FOR 15 CENTS!

A Way to Get Greater Pleasure at Lower Cost

If you've got the blues, cheer up! Times for smokers are not as bad as they may seem. Here is a way out on your smoking bill that gives you 26 smokes for 15 cents!

Change to a pipe—and Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Pipe smoking is pleasure smoking. A pipe is long and slow and placid. It soothes and relaxes and charms. A pipe is the kind of smoke that keeps men's nerves steady, keeps their brains clear and alert.

And Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, made as it is from the finest burley tobaccos, is a remarkable pipe tobacco. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as 20 years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue. Perhaps it's because this special Edgeworth blend has its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Now—notice this: the 15-cent tin gives you 26 (average size) pipefuls . . . 26 long, peaceful smokes. And Edgeworth in the larger sizes gives you even greater economy.

We've all got to sit down and think things out these days. And nothing helps like a pipe filled with that good blended-burley Edgeworth. Maybe you are already one of the great army of pipe-smoking Edgeworth fans. If so, of course these words are not addressed to you. You know already how true every word of this advertisement is.

But speaking particularly to you men who are dissatisfied with your smoking, or who feel you are spending too much, we want to say this: A pipe with Edgeworth will give you greater pleasure at lower cost. If that appeals to you, try one tin of Edgeworth. (You can buy it in two forms — Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice—and in all sizes from 15-cent pocket package to pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.) Smoke Edgeworth critically. Compare it with other brands. Compare the cost with that of other forms of smoking. Then decide for yourself whether you want to go on with Edgeworth. We abide by your decision.

Try before you buy. Send your name and address for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Address: Larus & Brother Co., 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday Evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time. The WJZ network of National Broadcasting Company.

[ONE FOR ALL
Continued from page thirty-nine]

"What ho," Larry sobbed gallantly, his back to Biff. "Cheerio!"

A red blaze of anger blinded Biff. Something gave suddenly inside his mind. Instinctively his right silver slipper drew back. It shot forward like an arrow and buried its pointed toe in the tattered trousers of Lord Helpus. As Larry pitched forward, off balance, Biff sprang in the air in an enveloping cloud of flowered organdie, and bore him heavily in a flying tackle on to the stage. His fist descended, rose, descended again. Larry's tattered trousers thrashed helplessly, and the happy crowd of sailors in the audience rose eagerly to their feet, waving their hats, egging on the combatants with impartial cheers: "Sock 'im, Lord Helpus! C'mon, Lady Mary, one on de button! Give 'im the deep six!"

Above the chaos Biff's voice rose in righteous fury: "So *that's* what ya been doin' with Chita!"

For an instant the chaplain stared unbelievingly at this abrupt and utter disintegration of his dramatic efforts. His eye traveled from the rioting audience to the tattered remnants of the curtain fluttering uselessly overhead. He rose manfully to the emergency. As a last resort, he signaled desperately over his shoulder.

"Bring on the pony ballet!"

Caught unawares, the startled members of the ballet locked arms hastily about each other's waist and straggled obediently onstage in twos and threes, in an impromptu off-to-Buffalo. They kicked and stamped, in and out of step, across the platform before the two wrestling figures on the floor, grasping their wigs, trying in vain to lace their shoes as they kicked, clutching desperately at their grass skirts with both hands, staring out across the footlights with a fixed and frozen smile.

BEHIND them Biff sat on the chest of his prostrate comrade, with Larry's head locked helplessly in the crook of his arm. His flailing fist slowed in mid-air and halted. He stared.

Across the bared row of seagoing shoulders, passing before him like ducks in a shooting gallery, eight successive cooing doves moved in a long, undulating line. Eight Cupids straddled their backs. Eight Stars and Stripes floated proudly to the rear. Beneath them eight "Chitas" met his dull and disillusioned gaze.

Biff's fist descended and came to rest gently on Larry's eye. It was almost like a caress.

. . . . . .

". . . And orl around 'er 'ips
Was a fleet of battleships. . . ."

Professor Daugherty adjusted his spectacles, hitched his stool forward, and snapped on the electric current. Above the bared expanse of seagoing back before him the magenta-tipped needle jigged with a faintly malicious sneer. With a sudden movement the Professor jabbed the point into the tender left shoulder blade. The victim sobbed convulsively and gulped. Slowly the Professor began to guide the needle around the chubby outlines of the design. The two sailors, who had been watching the operation with a morbid interest, straightened and nodded to each other significantly.

"Kewpid," said Biff McLarnin.

"On a dove," said Larry Hansen. "An' holding the Stars and Stripes."

"Can you beat it?" said Biff McLarnin with comprehending pity.

THEIR eyes traveled slowly from the naked back across the shop to the victim's white blouse hanging limply across the back of a chair. A blue brassard with yellow letters was visible on the empty right sleeve. Larry shook his head.

"Ain't it hell," he observed genially, "how some women can make a sap outa some men?"

"Yeh," said Biff.

A faint blush was spreading upward from the neck of the self-conscious victim to the roots of his hair.

"They seem to wrap them aroun' their little finger," mused Larry. "They make 'em believe anything."

"Yeh," said Biff.

"Fool aroun' and git boint," sighed Larry. "Some men is just saps—"

"Lissen," burst out Second-Class Bos'n's Mate Maginnis, stung.

"Shut up," grumbled Professor Daugherty.

"But them birds can't talk to a nofficer—"

"Shut *tup,*" repeated Professor Daugherty grimly, "an' set still. I don't care if you're the Lord High Admiral of the whole bloomin' fleet, you're nothing but one more cooin' dove to me—Lord strike me dead if I ever do another!"

Biff glanced significantly at Larry. "Touchy, huh?"

Larry nodded.

"Mus' be over a babe."

"Yeh."

"You know what I think about babes?" Biff began wisely. "I think that babes is all alike."

"Shallow water," agreed Larry.

They beamed at each other in perfect understanding.

"Let's git outa here," said Biff. "Let's go somewhere and forget about babes."

"Sure," said Larry. "Let's go to Chinese Mike's."

They linked arms and sauntered out of the shop, their white hats shoved forward at the correct aggressive angle, their eyes alight once more with adventure. The door slammed behind them. The two pairs of flapping trousers mounted the stone steps in perfect unison and disappeared down the sidewalk. Above the thin whine of the needle, in the shop, rose Professor Daugherty's quavering treble:

". . . But wot I liked best—
Right acrost 'er chest
Was me home in Tennessee. . . ."

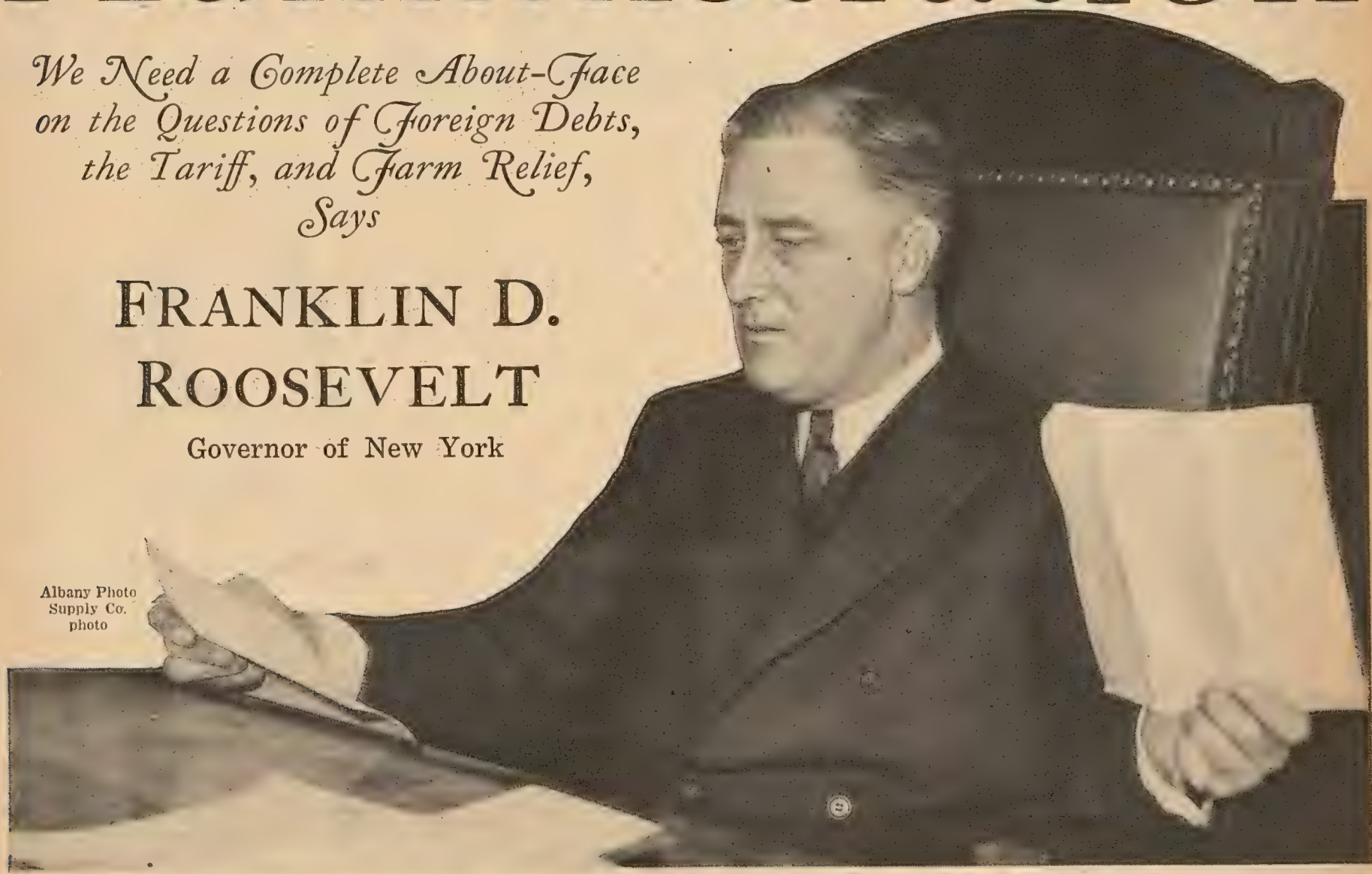
THE END

I INDICT the Administration

We Need a Complete About-Face on the Questions of Foreign Debts, the Tariff, and Farm Relief, Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York



Albany Photo Supply Co. photo

(Reading time: 2 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE Chinaman would rather lose life than lose "face." Dominated by the same spirit, the federal Administration vainly endeavors to make unworkable plans work, merely to salvage its pride.

It is more important to save the country than to save the "face" of the Administration.

I indict the Administration on three separate counts. Three vital issues, affecting personally practically every man and woman in the United States, are mishandled in Washington because those in charge of our national destiny jealously guard the myth of their infallibility.

Count One: Washington has embarked upon the policy of propping up European finances to avert repercussions in America. But it has not summoned up the moral courage to tell the nations of Europe that they must acknowledge the debts which their governments owe to the government of the United States. All efforts to stabilize world finance will be futile until Europe recognizes her just obligations. Until this question is settled right we cannot effectively aid either Europe or ourselves.

Count Two: When international trade began to languish, the Administration attempted to revive it by resorting to its traditional policy of raising the tariff. But the raised tariff wall shut out prosperity. It now refuses to admit what the vast majority of Americans have learned from bitter experience—that until the tariff is lowered there will be no corresponding lowering of European retaliatory tariffs and no real flow of international trade.

Count Three: Mistaking the tick of the ticker for the pulse beat of business, Washington does nothing to restore the purchasing power of fifty to sixty million people who live in small towns and on farms. Its hopeless infatuation with its own Farm Board keeps it from trying to work out a plan to rescue the farmer. The farmer cannot buy from the city while he gets less for his crops than it costs him to raise them. Deprived of the farmer's dollar, business and industry suffer. No country can be half bankrupt and half sound!

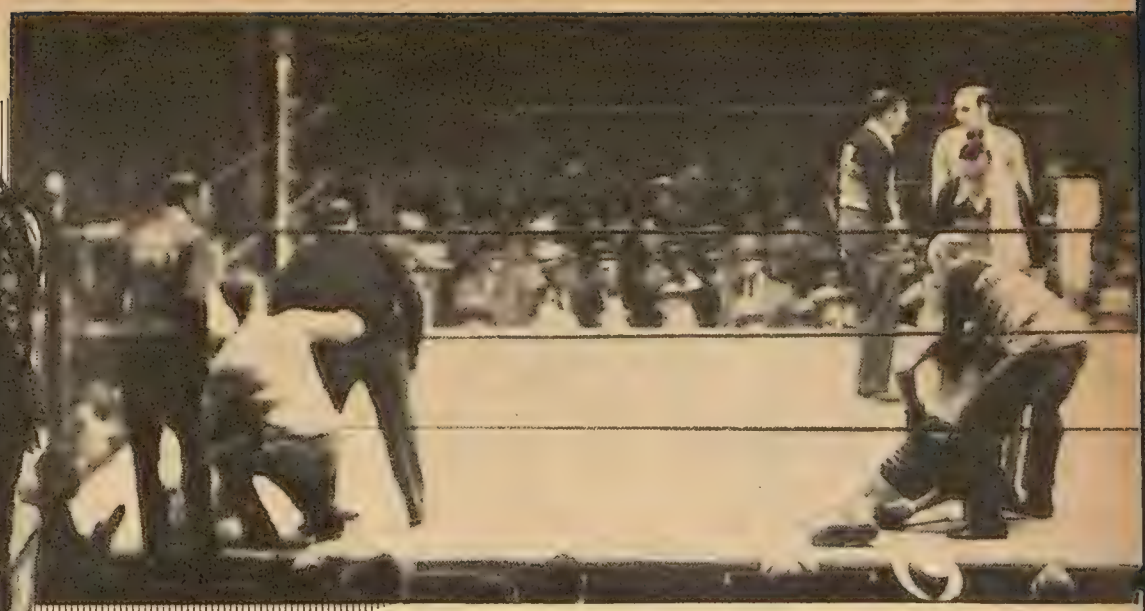
We need a complete about-face, not an attempt to save "face." The state of mind of the Administration prohibits a decisive change in the policies of the American government until March, 1933.

All that can be practically done must be done by individual citizens. We can help ourselves and the country by achieving a basic understanding of the problem involved. The approach must be in national terms and not in those of class or locality. There is no occasion for time-serving and timid planning. Boldness alone will serve us. If one plan fails, we must scrap it and try another—or take the consequences!

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

Wide World photo
A close-up of Max Schmeling, who is giving Jack Sharkey a return match for the heavyweight title.



Acme photo
Here is Max, helpless after the foul on which he won his first fight with Jack.

Der

The Inside Story of Schmeling's Remarkable

(Reading time: 17 minutes 35 seconds.)

IT happened in Cologne, back in 1925. Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, the great one-man circus from America who had been making a triumphal tour of the European capitals and the provinces, pitched camp in this Rhineland metropolis for a one-night stand.

The prospect of getting a close-up of the flesh-and-blood likeness of this young fistic Lochinvar who had come out of the West to cut down the giant Jess Willard and the snorting Luis Angel Firpo, Bull of the Pampas, with his dynamite-laden fists, had stirred the natives of that German community to a pitch of excitement that only a visiting Kaiser had been able to stimulate.

Dempsey wasn't of much use to the local promoter in a solo act; so, inasmuch as he came to display his wares against the best available opponents, the call went out for volunteers to sample the punch soporific of the Great Man. It was obvious from the slim response that the local stumble bums still considered self-preservation the first law of nature. At any rate, none manifested the slightest inclination to make the supreme sacrifice and thus provide a profitable evening for the promoter and a Roman holiday for the fellow citizens who were massed in capacity numbers in the local concert hall.

About an hour or so before the curtain was scheduled to rise on Dempsey's act there wasn't a punch catcher in sight. The frantic promoter, back stage in a nervous sweat, was visualizing a great big bust, and, what was more painful, he entertained the horrible thought of having to make refunds at the box office. At one time he got the bright idea of going on himself in order to salvage the dough, but one look at the circumference of his abdomen in a full-length mirror discouraged that reckless, insane desire. Fight promoters get those absurd notions when they are by themselves and in his pinch. And this particular gent was most assuredly in such a predicament.

While he paced up and down the dressing room that was to have held Dempsey's opponents he looked up and beheld a welcome sight in the doorway. It was the figure of a well molded, bronze-skinned young man with the high cheek bones of a Choctaw and shaggy eyebrows. Before the promoter could utter a word, the young man, a small bundle under his arm, spoke: "I'm Max Schmeling, from Berlin. I came here to box Jack Dempsey."

The startled promoter, still fearing lest the stranger who spoke so encouragingly was but an apparition, looked him over carefully, felt of his muscles, examined him from head to foot. "You are not afraid to box Dempsey?" queried the promoter. "No, I am not afraid," replied the man who was destined to become world's heavyweight champion. Schmeling, a middleweight at the time, and only nineteen years old, not only saved the show but went the limit with Dempsey—three two-minute rounds.

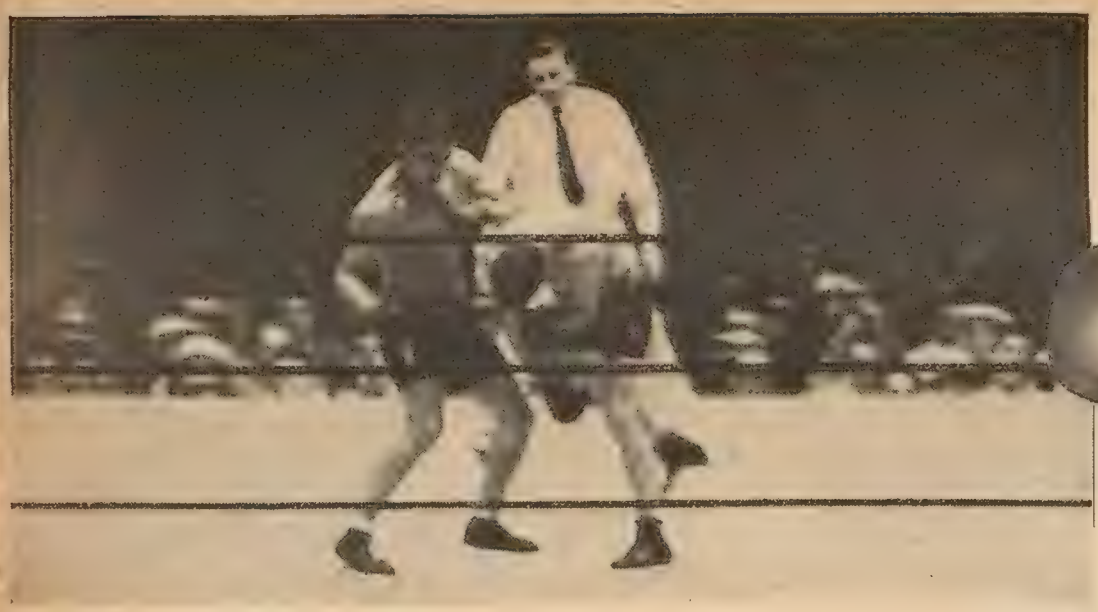
This important incident in the life of Schmeling, heretofore unrevealed, was related by the Punching Prussian to the writer as he sat relaxed in his hotel suite upon his return from Germany a few weeks ago.

ONE would imagine that such an experience would have left an indelible impression on the memory of a young man like Schmeling; that it was the high light of his fistic career. But such is not the case.

"I can't remember how I felt when I faced Dempsey that night," admitted Schmeling, trying to dig into his font of memories. "The only thing I do know is that I was not afraid. I needed money so, I didn't care what happened. Fear is the last thing that grips a man when he is in need. I can't even remember whether or not his punches hurt me. I wasn't knocked down or bruised, so I guess there was nothing for me to remember him by so far as the fight itself goes.

"The only thing I can recall is what Dempsey said when he first met me in the dressing room before we went on. He was greatly surprised, and said, 'Hello, kid! Gee! You look enough like me to be me!' After the fight, when we came back to the dressing room, he gripped my hand firmly and said, 'Listen, kid. Don't let anybody tell you you can't fight. Keep up the good work. Get a lot of practice and you may some day be the world's heavyweight champion.'"

Those who have seen Schmeling certainly cannot say



And here he is licking Young Stribling, who is crumpling from a sock on the chin.

Wide World photos

Der Max in action, wearing his "fighting face"—and does it look like Jack Dempsey's!

Max

By JACK FARRELL

Rise to the Heavyweight Championship of the World

that Dempsey was nearsighted when he made that prophetic observation. The twenty-six-year-old ruler of the Queensberry roost resembles the old Manassa Mauler both in looks and ring mannerisms close enough to be mistaken for the original. He has the same captivating smile, the same fast gait, the same weave, the same method of attack, although not quite as dynamic. In brief, he has everything that Dempsey has but that piping mezzo-soprano voice. Schmeling is more of a barytone.

In Schmeling there is the total absence of that kittenish prebattle nervousness that made Dempsey a tough man to be around. Moreover Dempsey was an irritable, nerve-racked, impatient individual before the bell. Schmeling is just the opposite type. He is congenial at all times, even-tempered, at times phlegmatic.

IF Schmeling ever had an eruption of the nervous system before a fight he has cleverly concealed it. He is, as any newspaper man who has ever been in his camp will testify, the most accessible and best-mannered world's champion that ever pitched a training camp. A solicitous, hospitable host, who makes even those who don't like him feel comfortable in his presence. He pays little attention to adverse publicity, less to favorable comment. He works when he pleases and refuses to make chopping blocks out of his sparring partners. He takes the view that every man in his employ is a helpmate, working for a living and for his interest, and guides himself accordingly.

I've seen him make the rounds of the boarding houses, when he was training at Endicott, New York, for the Sharkey fight, to obtain housing facilities for a few visiting war correspondents who arrived late at night to find the local hotel overcrowded.

Der Max's state of mind before a fight might best be described by an incident that happened on the eve of his battle with Will Stribling in Cleveland last July. He was scheduled to leave his training camp at Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania, so as to attend the official weighing-in ceremony at a Cleveland radio station at seven o'clock in the evening. This is an eighty-mile trip as the auto flies.

Five cars constituted the Schmeling convoy. The champion rode in the second car with Trainer Max Machon and Muskie Jackson, his rubber and handy man. Bill McCarney, one of his managers, and this writer rode in the car directly behind. A German motorcycle racer blazed the trail for the convoy and hit up a sixty-mile-an-hour clip.

Everything went well until the caravan picked up a police cycle escort at the Cleveland city line. Then the fun started. The careening cars dashed madly through one of the principal thoroughfares in the wake of screeching sirens. Schmeling's car just missed sideswiping a trolley car about a mile from our destination. When McCarney saw this, his curly gray hair stood straight up like an iron picket. He sat back in a terrified silence, cold beads of perspiration encircling his brow.

When the cars finally came to a stop McCarney leaped out of the car to Schmeling's side. "Are you all right?" he asked, his lips still quivering nervously. "Sure, Bill," replied Max, grinning like a kid "How you like the ride, Billy?" he teased. "Maybe next time we do better and have a smash-up." Nerve? Nothing else but.

Schmeling's rise from pugilistic obscurity to the high pinnacle he occupies was just as speedy as it was sensational. Unlike the majority of foreign fighters who come to this land of promise seeking easy dough, Max came here without the aid of any high-pressure praise or ballyhoo. His coming was strictly his own idea. He had a notion that he might make good, but he was not quite sure of himself.

He had heard how Rudy Wagner and Franz Diener, from whom he won the German heavyweight title, had come over here. He also knew that both were monumental failures. He was going to take no chances. So he came unannounced. The only billing he received was on the passenger list of the New York, a ship on which his late father worked as a pilot.

The hopeful, determined young German lost himself in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DER MAX
Continued from page forty-three]

the mountain fastness of Bey's training camp at Summit, New Jersey. This was the favorite rendezvous for all the foreign pugs who at that time were being landed on these shores by the shipload. Here he nursed the left hand he had broken in the Diener fight, six months previous. He made up his mind not to attempt any fighting here until that hand was fully mended, and he stuck to his decision.

It has been said that Schmeling used to stand for hours daily in front of a mirror practicing jabbing and hooking with his left, at the same time trying to perfect the Dempsey weave copied from the old Manassa Mauler in Cologne. Max corroborates the first part of this story. "Sure I practiced plenty with my left. I didn't know how to use it very well when I came here, so I decided to learn how. But I did not copy the Dempsey style of weaving. That came to me naturally. I used it in all of the fights I had before meeting Dempsey."

A caricature of Der Max, by himself. He intends to become a cartoonist when he retires from the ring.

A fortunate circumstance gave Schmeling that long-awaited break. This was the visit made to camp one day by Joe Jacobs, then just an ordinary fight manager looking for a good break or two himself. Joe had knocked around the fight racket for years, but his ship was still far from port up until the time he first laid eyes on Schmeling. Joe took one long look at Max as he stripped for action in a light workout. That one look just spelled the difference between failure and stardom for Schmeling. It was likewise a profitable one for Jacobs too, as subsequent events proved.

WHAT happened after that has been told countless times. Arthur Buelow, who came over from Germany with Schmeling, was sidetracked, but not without difficulty. Schmeling was all set to fight an unnamed opponent at Madison Square Garden. He was to receive a guaranty of $3,000 for a ten-round bout. That contract was repudiated by Tom McArdle, who succeeded Jess McMahon as matchmaker.

Such an unlooked-for turn of good luck gave Jacobs the chance to display his managerial judgment. He stepped in and resigned Schmeling to fight Joe Monte, a fairly good light heavyweight from Boston, at the Garden. The guaranty was reduced to $1,000 and the number of rounds from ten to eight. That was O. K. with Jacobs. Money was of secondary consideration then. His idea was to show Schmeling against the right sort of opponent. Everything depended upon his first fight. He had to make a favorable impression to get the inside track.

Schmeling won by a knockout in the eighth round. He showed nothing but a willingness to fight and a devastating right-hand punch. That was enough to convince Jacobs that he had picked no dud.

The shrewd, calculating Jacobs, well versed in the safety-first methods adopted by American fight managers as a protective measure, startled his contemporaries by announcing he had matched Schmeling with Joe Sekyra, a fast-moving, sharp-hitting boxer from Dayton, Ohio. For all his cleverness, Sekyra was not a pleasing performer because of his hit-and-grab style. But he was one capable of bringing out either the best or the worst in Schmeling.

Older and more sagacious fight managers strongly advised Jacobs against such a match. They pointed out that a trip through the kerosene and wicker belt might be much more profitable, certainly less hazardous.

"Oh, yeah?" was Jacobs' reply to this suggestion. "And have my guy belted out by some bum in Oscaloosa some night, with nobody but the janitor around to pick him up? Not a chance. If my guy can fight I'm going to find it out quick. If he can't, the quicker both of us find out the better."

SCHMELING not only outpointed Sekyra in a ten-round bout at Madison Square Garden but showed a surprising amount of natural boxing skill and ring generalship of which even the highly optimistic Jacobs never even dreamed him capable. That one fight put the convincer—if that was needed—on Jacobs that prosperity for him and his fighter lurked around a near corner. At any rate, Jacobs decided to take a short cut to a shot at big money and the mythical heavyweight title which Gene Tunney had vacated in 1928.

That short cut, in this particular case, was a fight with Johnny Risko, the Cleveland rubber man who had ruined the late Tex Rickard's carefully planned tournament to bring forth a suitable successor to Tunney by licking Jack Sharkey, his white-haired boy. He had also whipped Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque Woodchopper, and lost a hair-line decision to Tom Heeney of New Zealand, better known as the Auld Hard Rock from Down Under.

Four rounds of study of Jack Sharkey in the ring enabled Max to make this portrait sketch of him—a brand-new stunt in the annals of pugilism, likewise in those of art!

The Risko fight was a gamble—a great gamble for a man in Schmeling's position. On paper it looked like a bad match for the German. But Jacobs refused to be swerved from his course. He knew his fighter's capabilities. He likewise knew, or at least suspected, that Risko was made to order for Der Max. His judgment in the matter was well nigh perfect. Schmeling stopped the heretofore unstoppable Risko in nine rounds.

There remained but one more obstacle between Schmeling and Jack Sharkey, recognized by the New York State Athletic Commission as the heir apparent to Tunney's vacated throne—the Woodchopper, Uzcudun. Paulino was a hard man to fight. He was dead game, durable but absolutely devoid of boxing skill and a punch. But he had a knack of hiding his chin behind a barricade of elbows, a defense which even really clever men found almost impregnable. It wasn't fear of a possible defeat that prompted the astute Jacobs to ponder over this match, but the thought that Paulino might make Schmeling look bad even if the latter won. After careful deliberation, Jacobs finally accepted terms to fight Paulino fifteen rounds at the Yankee Stadium, June 27, 1929.

Before this fight came off Jacobs conceived the idea of bringing the motion pictures of one of Paulino's previous fights to Schmeling's training camp at Lakewood, New Jersey. The German had never seen the Woodchopper in action, so hours after newspaper men and other visitors had departed, Schmeling got a chance to familiarize

himself with Paulino's puzzling style of attack and defense. It was the first time the movies were used in a training camp.

These movie lessons proved very beneficial, for when Paulino wheeled into action he discovered, to his utter dismay, that Schmeling anticipated every move he made. Paulino took a terrible licking and was virtually out on his feet at the final bell.

For the first eight rounds this was a drab, lifeless contest. When Paulino bobbed, Schmeling bobbed with him. When Paulino weaved, Schmeling did likewise. It was, in short, a fine exhibition of mimicry on the part of Schmeling. But what few outside of the ring realized was that the German was timing Paulino after each bob with short left and right uppercuts, and that he was reaching in and battering his forearms and biceps with punches. The effect of these punches was not apparent until after the tenth round, when Paulino could no longer get his arms up; then Schmeling proceeded with the campaign of destruction he had so shrewdly planned.

After this brilliant victory negotiations were opened for a fight with Sharkey. But before they were completed the German lad pirouetted into difficulties with the New York Boxing Commission. An unfilled contract with Phil Scott was brought to the attention of the solons and they insisted he fight the English heavyweight champion. A point-blank refusal brought about the indefinite suspension of Schmeling, his managers, and everybody who had any business connections with Schmeling, except his tailor. As a result, Der Max returned to Germany and the Sharkey fight was postponed indefinitely.

MAX did not return until May, 1930. During his absence, Arthur Buelow, his old manager, and several other people started pressing claims against him. As a result, Schmeling came back via Canada to duck the process servers. A conference was arranged in Montreal with William F. Carey, president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, at which clearance papers were drafted for the Sharkey fight. Schmeling then came to New York and made his peace with the Boxing Commission. Whereupon the solons decided to recognize the winner of the fight as the new world's heavyweight champion.

This memorable bout was fought at the Yankee Stadium in New York City on the night of June 12, 1930. The bout—which drew a gross of $749,935 and a paid attendance of 79,222 (a record for a contest in which no actual world's champion was involved)—had a sensational climax. After taking a terrible licking for the first three rounds, Schmeling went down from a foul blow delivered in the fourth round, and claimed a foul.

The award was not made until nearly three minutes later.

The punch (a low left hook) landed after two minutes and fifty-five seconds of the fourth round, had been fought. It came immediately after Schmeling had nailed Sharkey with a terrific right cross to the jaw which drove him into the ropes near Schmeling's corner. On the rebound Sharkey let fly with a wicked left hook which became embedded in Schmeling's groin.

Referee Jimmy Crowley and Charles F. Mathison, one of the judges, missed the punch. Harold Barnes, the other judge, declared he saw it, and upon his statement Crowley disqualified Sharkey.

IT was in this crisis that Jacobs asserted his real managerial ability. Just as soon as Schmeling sank to the floor, writhing in pain, the 110-pound manager leaped into the ring, grabbed the referee by the arm, and insisted he declare Schmeling the winner on a foul. Had Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager, who stood dumfounded in the opposite corner, displayed a little headwork, he might have had Schmeling disqualified because of Jacobs' presence in the ring. But Jawn's mind was far, far away from the dramatic scene that was being enacted, and he made all his counter protests *viva voce* on the wrong side of the ropes.

Six days after the fight the Boxing Commission, by a vote of two to one, elected Schmeling as world's heavyweight champion. William Muldoon, dean of the board, dissented, taking the attitude that Schmeling did not prove by his victory, on a foul, that he was the best of the heavyweights. James A. Farley, chairman, and John J. Phelan cast the two votes which enrolled Schmeling among the ring's immortals.

The phlegmatic Prussian did not cling to his honors very long, for when he refused to sign for a return match with Sharkey on January 7, 1931, the New York solons once more placed him in durance vile. Incensed by this action, Jacobs forthwith went out and signed Schmeling to fight Young Willie Stribling, the boy aviator from Georgia, for a fifteen-round bout at Cleveland on July 3 of the same year. The bout was prompted by the Cleveland subsidiary of Madison Square Garden.

The bout was a bust, socially and financially. When the receipts were counted it was discovered that only 30,990 had contributed the net sum of $265,345 to see Schmeling win by a technical knockout in the fifteenth. Referee George Blake, a neutral official from California, stopped the fight with only fourteen seconds to go. Stribling was hopelessly outclassed from the sixth round on, was floored for a nine count in the final round, and was ready to pitch forward on his face when the bout was stopped.

This proved a great victory for Schmeling in more ways than one. He convinced the skeptics that he had more ability than luck, and partially vindicated his statement made immediately after the Sharkey fight—that he was just getting ready to unload

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DER MAX
[Continued from page forty-five]

his guns when Sharkey drove home the foul punch.

Yet he remained on the suspension list until a few weeks ago when he was automatically reinstated by agreeing to give Sharkey a return fight on June 21. But he was recognized as champion by the National Boxing Association and the International Boxing Union, and that was just what he wanted. Meanwhile the New York board voted Sharkey its champion; but this was merely a gesture of loyalty. Schmeling will be the defending champion in the forthcoming bout. It will dedicate the new open-air arena constructed by the Garden Corporation in Long Island City.

THE Schmeling-Jacobs alliance has been both happy and profitable for both parties. It might be of interest to note that while Schmeling received a mere $1,000 for his first fight in this country, he collected $117,000 and a world's heavyweight title in his fight with Sharkey, his fifth. This record of achievement is unparalleled in ring history.

Schmeling has never fought two fights alike. He has never outlined his plan of battle in advance. He prefers to study the situation over carefully for a few rounds and then adapt himself to conditions as they exist. He is a quick thinker and a keen observer in the ring and seldom gets the wrong slant on an opponent. According to Jacobs, he is easy to handle in a corner.

The German has only one superstition: He insists on putting the left shoe and the left glove on first. He does not believe in road work. Gets all the leg exercise he needs playing golf. This is one of his hobbies. The other is hunting. His private estate at Bad Sarrow, near Berlin, is stocked with game. Innocent practical joking is his favorite form of diversion. Hates the movies but enjoys a musical comedy or a drama.

MAX is fond of children, horses, dogs, and cats. Has never fallen in love and, so far, prefers the companionship of his mother, who, as he says, understands him thoroughly. Plays cards but never gambles for high stakes. Gets his greatest kick out of beating Trainer Max Machon at pinochle—or anything, for that matter.

His sartorial preferences run to color ensembles. Is a fastidious dresser. Refuses to face a camera unless dressed for the part. In other words, if it's a golf picture he must be dressed like a golfer. Thinks there is nothing more ridiculous than to see people in clothing that does not fit in with the scheme of the picture.

When he retires from the ring Schmeling intends to become a cartoonist. Draws very well as it is. He has no political ambitions.

THE END

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—Joseph Smith.
2—Under water.
3—A mixture; a medley.
4—Pennsylvania.
5—Daniel Webster.
6—Reykjavik.
7—A sufficient quantity.
8—Spain.
9—A secret name.
10—Athens, Greece.
11—A bird.
12—Washington, D. C.
13—A harem.
14—A cave dweller.
15—Radius.
16—Pup.
17—A moral fable.
18—Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
19—The union of two vowels to form a compound sound.
20—Sulphur.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

A Short Short Story

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

(Reading time: 5 minutes 18 seconds.)

JOCELYN opened the square white box and gazed down with an entire lack of surprise at the cluster of orchids. Jocelyn didn't need to take the card from its envelope either. She knew precisely what the card would say.

"Good morning, and my love," it would tell her, "from your own Horace."

Jocelyn wondered idly whether Horace wrote off these cards two or three dozen at a time, and left them—with a standing order for orchids—at the florist's shop.

Why couldn't he be less cut to pattern, more romantic? Everything that he did was fine, of course, but standardized! Even the shimmering engagement ring that she wore was entirely conventional—bought at the right store, embellished with the right engraving—the very sort of ring that a successful broker (there are still successful brokers, even in this day and age!) would be bound to choose!

Sometimes Jocelyn found herself wondering whether she really loved Horace after all? He was scrupulously honest, and a solid citizen; he was almost handsome in a prosaic fashion. But—her eyes strayed away from the flowers toward the window that looked down upon the avenue—he didn't *shine* out, like the hero of a best seller. He didn't look like—well, like a cross between Ronald Colman and Richard Dix! It was a pity—she sighed—that a girl had to glimpse the ideal man not in her fiancé but in an outsider who wore a blue uniform with brass buttons! There ought—she sighed again, even though her feet were propelling her toward the window—there ought to be a law against policemen who looked like Greek gods!

The policeman in question was standing on the corner even now, directing traffic. Jocelyn watched him from behind the frilled taffeta of the casement curtain, and wondered whether he would be a good dancer. He stood so immovably there in the swirl of the crowded street, like a rock. And yet his movements, when he did make them, were lithe and quick, and the turn of his shoulders held grace.

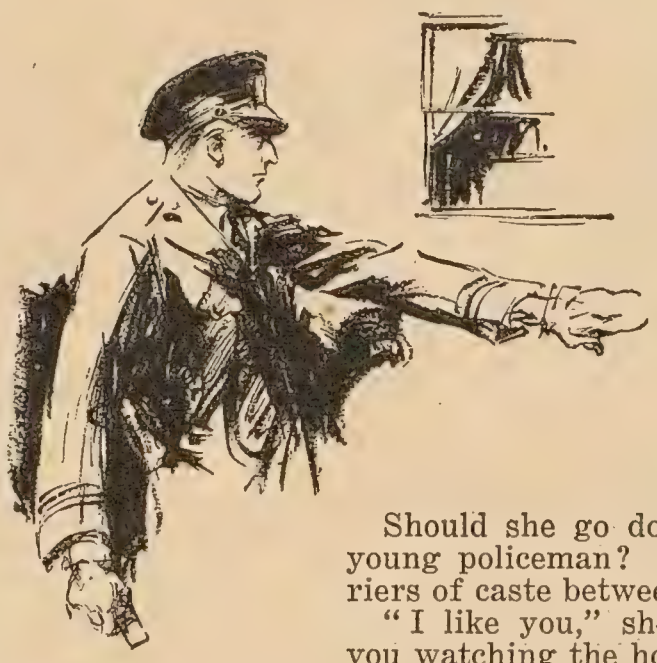
"Some day," she told herself, "if I get just a trifle more bored with life" (by life she meant Horace), "I am going to speak to that man. I might even ask him to call. I might—" She left the sentence up in the air, but her scarlet, slightly blasé mouth was curving in a smile. A smile that was half speculative and half bland!

She had been aware of the policeman, first, only a week ago, when she and her little Irish maid had come back, loaded with wraps and luggage, from a house party. They had been leaving the car when the young policeman had come striding down the street toward them. He had stood aside, like a general who salutes royalty, to let Jocelyn pass. Her eyes for a moment had searched his face.

It was at that very moment that the thought of Horace's standardized, regular features had begun to pall! It was at that very moment that Jocelyn's active brain had begun to weave magic, mad plots in which she and the policeman each played a leading part. In her saner moments she laughed scornfully to herself and said:

"Wouldn't the tabloids love it! 'Heiress Jilts Broker to Elope with Cop!' Or, better yet, 'Lady Cops Cop!'"

But the saner moments were few and far between. For of late the policeman had seemed—himself—to be knowing the urge of magic and of madness! Jocelyn had noticed that he kept eying the house almost furtively; that he had a way of passing and repassing her front door when he should have been at his post. And twice in the last two days he had stopped short in the midst of his traffic direction when she had walked out of her car, drawn smartly against the curb.



He had stared longingly at the car and at her, and had gone back to the matter of creating a right of way like a man in a dream. Once Jocelyn had looked back over her shoulder as her maid was adjusting a robe about her feet, and had noticed that he was still staring after the car with his very soul in his eyes, despite the harsh symphony of horns and sirens that sounded from all directions.

Leaning back in the shadow of the curtains that made a crisp, colorful frame for her window, Jocelyn looked down into the street.

Should she go down to the street and speak to this young policeman? Frankly—as if there were no barriers of caste between them?

"I like you," she could say, "and—well, I've seen you watching the house. Let's—let's have tea together, or dinner—or—"

ALL at once Jocelyn had left the window, had gone over to the bell cord that hung beside her dressing table. She pulled it with fingers that trembled ever so slightly.

The little maid came.

"I'm going out, Annie," Jocelyn said. "No, I'm going alone. And I want to wear my plainest frock."

The little maid spoke.

"That'll be the blue serge," she said. "Th' orchids," she cast a meaningful glance at the neglected white box, "they'll be pretty with th' blue serge."

"But I won't wear the orchids," said Jocelyn shortly. And then, after a minute, "You can have them, Annie."

The little maid was smiling all at once; her smile was shy and soft.

"I'll not be needin' them today, Miss Jocelyn," she said, "because my own boy friend sent me some flowers. Pink sweet peas, they are. And," her voice sank to a whisper, "on th' card he said—" The shy voice stopped.

Jocelyn was rouging her lips with extreme care. Her lips must be just right today! She didn't speak until the operation was quite finished.

"I didn't know you had a boy friend, Annie," she said gently. "I suppose that means you'll be leaving me soon. Is this friend of yours nice? Can he support you?"

The little maid answered promptly.

"Yes, Miss Jocelyn," the little maid said, "it's true. I will be givin' you notice one of these days! And"—pride here—"my boy friend is swell, and he has a good job, too. Sure he can support me! You see, he's on th' force. Maybe you've noticed him—standin' right on our corner he is, all day. He's always watchin' this house outer th' tail of his eye, like he was moonstruck." The little maid giggled. "He says every time th' door opens he's hopin' to catch a glimpse of me."

THE END

Vox

A Doctor Prescribes Death

DETROIT, MICH.—I see that in your article, "Should Kidnapers be Condemned to Death?" Senator Arthur Capper has placed himself on record as saying that he does not favor capital punishment, even for the species of human vermin who will kidnap a child.

The senator glibly states that we must not allow these crimes to "overthrow our entire philosophy of punishment."

Ah, our sweet modern philosophy! We must preserve that at all hazards, even though the nation fairly welters in the blood of the innocent. We must submit to being shot to death in the streets, and having our children kidnaped, tortured, and murdered, without visiting capital punishment upon these human rattlesnakes who are better off dead than alive. To give them any adequate punishment would overthrow someone's theory of the philosophy of punishment!

That rumbling noise which you hear is caused by our pioneer ancestors turning over in their graves. The men who fought at the Alamo and who wrested their country from the wilderness would have met the situation in the proper manner.

No wonder the country is overrun with "rats." America is getting soft and flabby.—*James C. McKay, M.D.*

Two Fact Fans in a Back-to-the-Farm Disagreement

GREENVILLE, ILL.—I want to answer your editorial, "Back to the Farm—Is It the Remedy?" I was a farmer until nearly thirty years of age, and know that farmers are now in about the worst state ever known. And I'm talking about experienced farmers.

How, then, can the inexperienced, unequipped man of the city expect to even gain a livelihood?

Those unfamiliar with conditions will probably say the city man can raise what he eats and pay his incidental expenses with his surplus. Wrong in both instances. First, because radishes, lettuce, rhubarb, strawberries, etc., are such short-term crops as to be unavailable for more than a few weeks. And, second, with the prices farmers are getting today, the surplus a city farmer might raise would not buy him a hoe, straw hat, and overalls.

So, Mr. Unemployed, stay where the organized charities can care for you, as there will be scant gleanings and lonely heartaches in the "sticks" until the wheels of industry reëstablish a fair market for those who stayed on the farm.—*O. L. Smith.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I'm one hundred per cent sure that a lot of people will write in and attack your editorial, "Back to the Farm—Is It the Remedy?"

The answer is that many jobless men, with families, have actually solved their problems by going back to the soil.

Witness the Greenville, South Carolina, families that you mentioned in your editorial.

And I see by the newspapers that families from among the unemployed of Dallas, Texas, have been successfully placed on farmland, and that these families are achieving success.

Why, the question isn't even debatable. We can answer skeptics with facts, not conjectures.—*F. Johnson.*

A College President's Views on Booze

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Generally speaking, I don't agree with Liberty's position on the prohibition question.

F. Darwin Smith

I was opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and thought it was a very serious mistake. I do feel, however, that no decent attempt has been made to try prohibition.

The entire matter has been left in the hands of either the friends of booze or those who wanted to make money out of booze, and all enforcement attempts—by the national government at any rate—have been simply fakes meant to pacify the W. C. T. U. or kindred spirits.

I should like to see the orderly process of attempting to repeal or remove from the Constitution the Eighteenth Amendment.

If, as many seem to think, sentiment is so overwhelmingly against it, the Constitution could be amended by the regular method, by means of which all amendments have been made in the past.

Any tampering with it while we have this clause in the Constitution would be simply dishonesty.

I do like your frankness, however, and wish our Congress might be as frank as your editorials—*F. Darwin Smith, President California College of Commerce.*

No Synthetic Coal Dust in Mr. Richter's Story

POTTSVILLE, PA.—I certainly enjoyed reading Conrad Richter's story, "Her People of the Patch." All my life I have lived in the anthracite-coal region, and at once I recognized Pottsville from the clear and clever description of the location of this story.

The breaker, engine house, the familiar sounds of the work, whistles, etc., prove that the author certainly visited an anthracite colliery. And the way he handled the problems of the miners leads me to think perhaps he is a native of these coal fields.

It was a good story in every way!—(*Mrs.*) *Ethel Roads Garrett.*

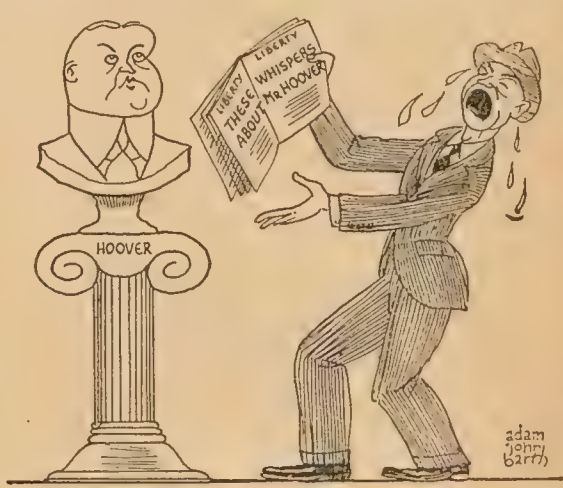
A Cheer and—

LIMA, OHIO—"These Whispers About Mr. Hoover," by Will Irwin, was certainly a relief after some of the articles you've been printing. It was about time Liberty published something in defense of Mr. Hoover.

I am neither a Republican nor a Democrat. I believe that candidates should be elected by the people and not by the party. The election in 1928 showed that Hoover was the people's man and not the parties' man. He was then and he is now.—*Robert J. Marshall.*

—a Tear (Crocodile) for Mr. Hoover

SEATTLE, WASH.—When I read Will Irwin's article, "These Whispers About Mr. Hoover," I had to retire at once to my crying room, to shed bitter salt tears about this poor misunderstood man, Hoover, who, in reality, only wants to



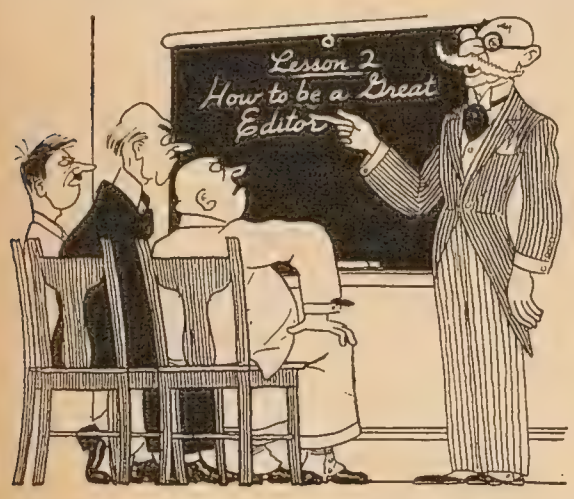
be left alone with flowers, dogs, and children, and go fishing and attend ball games, while the country has over 10,000,000 people who are not eating regular.

Such friendship as Irwin has for Hoover is touching; but why inflict the insipid apologies in that article on the rest of the people? Liberty's readers brand such articles, at once, as mere propaganda for our "leaders," whose jackassery and incompetence is common knowledge.—*Wm. Houlihan.*

Pop

When a Hollywood Star Short-Shorted

ORLEANS, N. Y.—Was "Gay Love," by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., his first attempt at writing? As whisky and beer will improve with age, so, I hope, his stories will also improve. Inasmuch as there are farms for "rookie" ball play-



ers, so ought Liberty to have schools for its rookie writers, or, better still, schools for its rookie editors, since its editors accepted such a story.

What kept "Gay Love" out of Liberty's wastepaper basket?—*Letus Havenomore.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Have they reduced salaries in Hollywood or is it "just married life" that caused the star of Union Depot to take up journalism?

"Gay Love" was a great story. Give us more work from this illustrious jack-of-all-trades.—*Lawrence J. Bates.*

Swell! We're Taken Seriously at Last

LA MESA, CALIF.—You don't expect me to agree with you in everything; that goes without saying.

However, I shall never laugh at you as some of your Vox Pop critics do. "A cat may laugh at a king," you know. Many tabbies and toms have proceeded on that principle in criticizing you. Witness the many humorous (?) letters in the Vox Pop columns; most of them nearly as humorous as a broken neck, a pair of crutches, or the Volstead disaster!

John M. Webster

If I ever attack one of your editorials I shall endeavor to muster a few facts, at least, to support my end of the argument. Let us have more facts and less spurious humor.—*John M. Webster.*

American Women Aren't Asleep —or Are They?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Have just read Miss Leyla Georgie's article, "Is the American Woman Asleep?" and feel a great urge within me to rise up and throw things. But, instead, I'll do my bit to come to the defense of my fair countrywomen. Not that they need it.

What other nation has women who are, in the largest majority, wife, friend, lover, pal, mother to their husbands, besides booster supreme and savings bank combined? As for American women being cold and having cash registers in place of hearts, all I can sputter is, "Baloney and applesauce garnished with hooey!"

Working side by side with one's husband in times of strife would, I suppose, be too independent and masculine for our European cousins.

If being honest, clear-headed, and straightforward, willing to meet our obligations in life, is coldness and stupidity, I say, let's have more coldness and stupidity.—*Alberta Knorr.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Having traveled considerably in both Europe and America, I heartily concur in Leyla Georgie's diagnosis, in Liberty for May 28, of the modern American woman: that she is utterly selfish and grasping, and many times, when she marries for money, it is simply legalized prostitution.—*J. F. Gesler.*

TAPPAN, N. Y.—Now comes sister Leyla Georgie telling us what is the matter with the American woman!

Well, Leyla, I've lived abroad and, as you say, the Continental male may know how to make love. But what love! To the average Continental male within my experience you Continental women are ever and always females, first, last, and all the time, and that is the only angle they can use in looking at you or discussing you.

The American man is not an animal, nor is the American woman, in the very definite sense that prevails on the Continent; but American husbands and wives are comrades, friends, lovers, and married in a companionship that has no parallel in the whole world.

Some men and some women are animals, whatever their nationality.

But you are plain drooling silly in your views of the majority of American men and women, and haven't the slightest idea of what real love, faithfulness, and companionship mean to Americans. —*E. J. Dick.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Like it or not, take it or don't, that article by Leyla Georgie, "Is the American Woman Asleep?" certainly was a keynoter.

This author cleverly, simply, and wisely handed us and our sisters a resounding and well deserved wallop.

Leyla Georgie put more punch in two pages of Liberty than has any other writer.

I congratulate her and you!—*W. G. Partin.*

He Says His Better Judgment Functions Tuesdays and Fridays

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Of all the publications which carry short short stories I feel that Liberty gets a real hit over oftener than any other magazine. I buy your book every week for the brief story it contains.

D. G. O'Connell

Incidentally, I submitted one myself, but the editor didn't use it. Perhaps you could have a little talk with him about it and inquire if he happened to be ill on the day he read it with the result that his better judgment was not functioning.

Being temporarily frustrated in showing Liberty readers how I write, I thought I might show them how I look. Hence the inclosed photo.

Let me assure you, in closing, that your Canadian readers are very much interested in the general contents of Liberty, especially the short short story.—*D. G. O'Connell.*

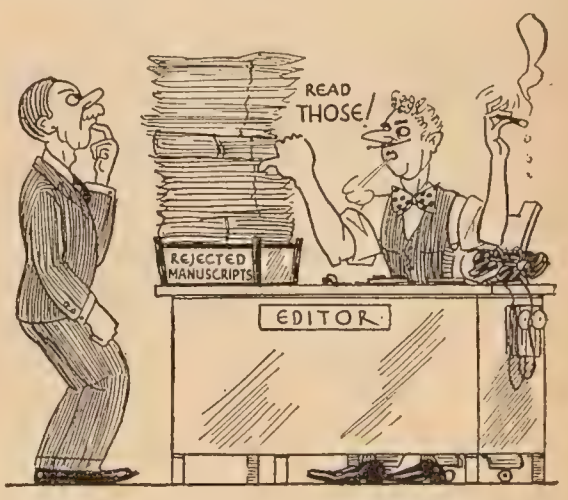
Did You Ever Try Taking Poison?

DENVER, COLO.—If Liberty were five times as good as it is, it would be worth a nickel. Not a first-class nickel, though. A plugged nickel.—*Pat.*

To Take the Kick Out of Kickers

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Taken all in all, and all over, Liberty is not so bad, though I admit that I am built to get a kick out of most any story, to say nothing of what I am able to learn, even if I learn nothing more than the kind of channel the writer's mind is running in.

I want to encourage the editor to



keep on printing, in Liberty, the best he can get, and if some people will kick about what he prints, then make the kickers read some of the stuff he *don't* print!

When the reader is compelled to pay as much for Liberty as the Liberty head pays for the stories and the ideals they represent, then, and not until then, should the reader complain.—*S. S. Henwood.*

What *of* Europe?

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH

(Reading time: 6 minutes 35 seconds.)

HAVING just been brought back from a brief but painful survey of business conditions in Europe (by "Europe" I mean three or four hundred square feet in Paris and another good place in Rome), I am continually being besieged by bankers and manufacturers to tell them how things are faring with our cousins (I always insist that they are *not* our cousins except very distantly through marriage) overseas. "Watchman, tell us of the night!" is the way the bankers and manufacturers phrase it as they accost me. "What of Europe? Will she survive?"

Rather than go on with these individual conferences in dingy financial establishments, I am putting all my answers down here, where he who reads may run, and the devil may take the hindmost.

To begin with, my economic survey of Europe notes a startling increase in blondes in Paris. Big blondes. Being a Nordic myself, I am accustomed to blondes; but the blondes with which the Paris market is now being glutted through Scandinavian and German dumping are larger than any that I remember ever having seen before, even among my own people. They run anywhere from five feet eleven to six feet three, with eyes and beam to match.

Always there was the maestro standing by beaming and asking, "Was good?"

This sort of thing can't go on, you know, and still have civilization keep to its present standards. For not only are these Parisian blondes tall and powerful, but they are snooty—very, *very* snooty—and it is as much as a medium-sized man's life is worth just to carry on a polite conversation with one of them. They seem to have no idea at all of bringing about friendlier relations between Europe and America—an indifference which is, to say the least, unfortunate at this time when Europe needs America so sorely.

Just why these amazons bother to come out of doors at all is a puzzle, for they don't seem to be enjoying a minute of it. They might much better be back in the army, knocking down privates and drilling people. On meeting one of them, with one of those little black hats hanging on the side of that blonde coiffure, one's first instinct is to stand at attention and salute. One's second instinct is to run. The second instinct is the better.

Now, with this sudden influx of blondes into a market which has hitherto specialized in brunettes, what may we expect the effect to be on the American market? (This is the question that is being asked *me*, mind you, by American business men. I, personally, don't care. I have my books and a good pipe, and I am looking around for a dog.) And, in order to answer this question, a little extra research is necessary. This is not so easy to accomplish.

If, by the use of ether or a good swift crack on the jaw, one can get close enough to these Parisian blondes to note the texture of the goods, one discovers that they are really *American* in manufacture. In other words, a large percentage of Parisian blondes are platinum, copied after the Jean Harlow model so popular in America last year. The *hauteur* is also an American model, distinctly Ziegfeld (before bad business made the Ziegfeld girls loosen up and smile a little out of one corner of their mouths), and the only real contribution that Europe has made to the present product is the size.

I cannot account for the size, for it certainly is not French, unless French girls have really been tall all the time and have just been walking along all crouched over until now. It must be that the Scandinavian countries and Germany are working night and day to turn out something that will sweep the world markets, although, of course, Germany has no right to do this under the Versailles Treaty. Here is something that should be looked into by an inter-allied commission (if one can be got together which will not immediately start ripping off each other's neckties).

Another question which my clients on Wall Street and throughout the rest of the country are asking me is, "What about Italy under Mussolini?" This I cannot answer as comprehensively as I would like, because I do not speak Italian very well. (I can say "hello" and then "hello" again, in case they didn't understand me the first time, but aside from that my conversation is carried on by an intelligent twinkling of the eyes and nodding of the head to show that I understand what is being said to me. As I do *not* understand, I often get into trouble in this way.)

My chief criticism of Italy under Mussolini is that it is too Italian. It is all very well in America for tenors and other participants in a church festival who are supposed to be dressed in Neapolitan costumes to sing O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia, but you don't expect real Italians to do it. It is as if real Americans were to go about singing Yankee Doodle. O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia are the only Italian songs that members of a local American pageant know. They *have* to sing them. But surely there must be some others that Italians know, and you would think that they would want to sing them, if only to be different from the Americans. But no! They sing O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia, and seem to think they are doing something rather fine.

FURTHERMORE, there is the question of spaghetti. In New York or San Francisco, when you go to an Italian restaurant, you expect to get spaghetti, because that is supposed to be the big Italian dish. Imagine the shock, on visiting Italy, to find that it *is* the big Italian dish! I am not averse to spaghetti, mind you, and in New York have been known to do rather marvelous things with it, both with and without my vest. But I am not a spaghetti fiend, and after a week in Italy I was ready to call it quits and taper off into wheat cakes and baked beans. But they won't let you.

They are all so proud of the way they (each individual spaghettist) fix the dish, that you must not only eat three platefuls at each meal, but you must smack your lips and

Not only are these Parisian blondes tall and powerful, but they are very, very snooty.

raise your fork and say "Wonderful!" at each mouthful, for they are standing right over you and watching with tears in their eyes to see how you are taking it. My enjoyment of the thing was hampered by the fact that I always seemed to get a plate with a self-feeding arrangement in the bottom, whereby no matter how much I ate there was a steady flow up through the table which kept my plate constantly full. I could wind it around my fork or scoop it up in my spoon or shovel it into my mouth like ticker tape by the yard, but it made no impression on the mound before me.

I would estimate that in sheer yardage alone I consumed enough spaghetti to knit sixty or seventy white sweaters. And always there was the *maestro* standing by beaming and asking, "Was good?" I finally had to resort to a little ruse whereby I would fall screaming to the floor as if in an epileptic fit and have myself carried out of the room away from that never-ending flow of paste.

I don't think that I shall visit an Italian restaurant in New York again for ever and ever so long.

This excess of spaghetti and Italian love songs is made much worse by a Mussolini-bred efficiency which causes your various courses at a meal to be rushed in front of you before you have got the order, or the course you are eating, out of your mouth. Just as you begin coping with the noodles, you see the waiter rushing up with the macaroni, and behind him another waiter with the ravioli, and way down in the distance still a third with the cheese and fruit. It rather takes the heart out of one, especially a slow-moving American who likes to dawdle a bit over his food.

The money question in Europe is naturally the one in which American financiers are most interested. Leaving the silver standard out of it (a process which seems to be taking care of itself pretty well) and eliminating the gold supply as a factor, I would say that the question of money in European countries was just about the same as the question of money in America—a situation which can be summed up in two words: "Not enough."

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

THEN she saw MacDonald meet his death. Saw the black head sag forward, saw him go down, slowly, slowly.

By

VINGIE E. ROE

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

(Reading time: 34 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

AS Gray Hawk ramped in beside the others Boss John looked at his rider sternly.

"You disobey—the last order I'm likely to give you!" he said sadly.

"The Gleasons stand by each other," Jane answered calmly.

"I know," said her father, and there was a ring of pride in the words.

So they sat in silence, save for Gray Hawk's uneasy stamping, and deep thoughts were in their minds—thoughts of battle and its wild thrill for Barb and Steve and Sammy, who were all so young that they were the makings of good soldiers; thoughts of resignation to fate which was demanding his all of Bob; and for John Gleason and his girl thoughts of such stark tragedy that they were scarce conscious of the rest.

To Jane it meant farewell to whatever hope she may have had of seeing once again the man of Old Coyote's Cave—of knowing his end. It meant fulfilling of the

WILD HEARTS

The Thrill of Grim Combat—Flames in the Dusk—A Desperate Race, with Death at Its End—Love Leads Jane to a Great Decision

promise she had made herself to take payment for that shot at Sundown Gap which had so nearly killed the Hawk. It meant vengeance for poor Ben Sask.

She put up a hand and felt the little bag which hung on its string around her neck, clinked the button and the empty shell inside it.

Then she leaned down and pressed her face in the silver cloud that was the stallion's mane. Perhaps this was to be her last great ride upon him.

Boss John, in their midst, was far removed from them all.

And then the rolling thunder came round the bend below the long alfalfa field and a string of riders swept up along the creek toward them.

"GUNS in your hands!" said Boss John sharply. "Wait till they fire. Pick your man and aim for the heart. And leave Black Mac to me."

So they waited, a compact group, in front of Big Lot, with all the buildings of the ranch behind them, their keen eyes fixed upon the approaching figures, their guns in their hands.

But just before they reached shooting range the pouring riders seemed to split apart like a stream that meets a rock, one half of them swerving to the right, the others to the left. On the left the watchers could see that long, wild racer which had gone riderless back down the valley so short a time before, and in its saddle now rode the huge figure of Black Mac himself. There was no mistaking the great shoulders of him, the arrogance of his carriage, the black head bare to the night, nor the voice that led the yelling which now commenced.

Without a shot, the raiders swept in a diverging and converging circle around the cluster of buildings and corrals, their horses at a run, their cries resounding in the stillness. Twice, three times, they circled everything, just out of six-gun range. And then something sinister and beautiful burst upon the astounded vision of the silent watchers—a thin red arc of fire that rose against the sapphire skies, hung for a second like a star among the stars, and curved down gracefully to fall in the ranch-house yard.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three]

"My God!" cried Bob Salters. "A fire arrow! Only an Indian could do that!"

But there were Indians in the darkened house, and they knew the ancient trick. Bill Jacks and Pomo Belle, faithful and true, pounced upon it and stilled its fluttering flames.

"Let's go, boss," begged Bob. "They mean to burn you out. Let's go!"

But John Gleason held up his hand. Even in the midst of this travail he was still that stern upholder of the law which he had ever been, no spiller of blood without just cause.

And then, suddenly, some wild spirit of that sweeping mob, beyond Black Mac's control perhaps, gave that cause—a shot that cracked in the dusk.

"*Go!*" said Boss John, and struck his heels to Starwind's flanks. Like the ramping war horse that she was, the great mare lifted into the wind and shot out toward the open. Leap for leap beside her went Gray Hawk, the rest streaming behind.

Against the heavens another streak of flame was curving. Another—another! Beautiful, spectacular, deadly, they hung for that one moment between ascent and descent, curved more sharply over, and fell where they were intended—one on the kitchen roof, one in the yard again, one square on the stack of dry alfalfa beside the stone stable. Bill Jacks got the one on the roof—young Sue stamped out the one in the yard. But that one beside the stable justified the rest, for its spirit rose to heaven in a great flare which quickly lighted the whole scene.

Bluestar and Bess were in the stable, heavy with foal, and Boss John, looking over his shoulder, thought of them.

"Go back!" he cried to Sammy in a voice of thunder. "Go save the mares!"

Then he swept into battle with his own beside him. Firing as he went, he charged straight for that onsweeping flange of riders which MacDonald led. His gray head shone in the light from the burning stack, his rugged face was white as milk, his right hand rose and fell with the peculiar motion of his firing. Two men rolled from their saddles before him, their horses leaping wildly away to gallop down the valley. And then Black Mac was there—a laughing devil who fired and fled, flinging the great roan horse almost upon its side in the sudden wrench he gave its bit.

No hero was Black MacDonald.

To pit his henchmen against the Gleason riders, to let them fight his war, was one thing. To meet in face-to-face and mortal combat this man whom he had despoiled so long ago and who, by some strange quirk of destiny, had come to settle in the very spot where he had made his hidden citadel, was another.

Things had not gone quite as Black Mac had intended, owing to the woman who had flung away from Stone House on the Squealer, and whom he had shot in the back—a matter which he should have attended to long ago!

WHETHER she had reached the Gleasons or not he did not know. He knew only that somewhere the Squealer had lost her, that the saddle was drenched with blood. He hoped fervently that she was dead.

And so, confident that no horse living could catch the great roan under him, laughing in his arrogance and his wild joy of spoliation, he shook his rein and the long roan lengthened down the valley. Black Mac looked back and flung an arm above his head. Behind him guns were cracking, men were yelling, the light of fire was leaping to the heavens.

After his fashion, he had set disaster going, was sliding out from it. He shouted and flailed the great shoulder of the horse with his hand, filled with laughter.

Two horses, leaving the fray as he had left it, were coming after him: Starwind, wild, leaping, wide-nostriled, her eyes as mad as her master's; and Gray Hawk, who ran like an engine, as sure, as steady.

These it was who sobered the laughter presently, who drew Black Mac's eyes back across his shoulder.

These horses, soul of the souls, almost blood of the blood, of those humans who rode them: the white-faced old man and the white-faced girl.

The race between the Squealer and the Sweet Waters silvers was on; the last die was in the casting between Stone House and Sweet Waters breed.

But now, back at the valley's head, where the shots still rang, another sound was pouring down the little winds—the sound of cars descending from the sage toward the north.

The Maulin men were coming, brought by Bob's call on the telephone an hour back—little Stead the coroner, and Smith and Towner, Carston and a dozen others. Jed Barstow's memory rode with them, and a hundred lesser wrongs. They roared through the night, their rough road lighted by the fire that now rose from the roof of the stone stable, and their mouths were grim. Guns waited in their eager hands.

AS Black MacDonald went out of sight around the turn below the long field, with his fate at his horse's tail, they drove, shooting, straight into the mass of men and horses before the Gleason buildings.

The moon was rising, round and full, across the Saw Tooth. The valley lay spread out before them like a stage all set for drama.

Across this amphitheater Black Mac rode like all-possessed. His bold form was upright in his saddle, his right arm swinging with his horse's leaps, his gun in his hand. He rode furiously, still confident that what came behind was a mere gesture.

As the sounding valley rolled back beneath the flailing hoofs, however, as the intangible boundary of their ranges passed under them, as Cedar Roughs began to march northward on their left, he knew, looking back from time to time, that at last he had missed his guess.

He had seen the Sweet Waters silvers run before—but never as these ran now, urged by their riders. The mare was in the lead, always in the lead—a monstrous creature, as wild as the Squealer, as indefatigable—the silver stallion always at her flank.

And presently Black Mac leaned down along the red roan's neck, the laughter washed from his face.

It was a great horse he rode, a fast one. But it had covered this ground twice before this night at top speed, and MacDonald was a big man.

It ran gallantly, head level, legs a blur beneath it, and its eyes were rimmed with red, its nostrils flaring.

Jane Gleason, watching, felt a surge of joy in its performance, a sense of pity for it. Good as it was, Black Mac would run it off its legs, kill it standing to save his evil neck.

SHE went forward, to fall upon her knees at the bed's side. "Oh, heaven!" she cried. "What have they done to you? What have they done!"

And the silvers were fresh, and two to its one.

Well, it was the way of war. The innocent died with the guilty in any battle. So she leaned in her saddle and held the Hawk to Starwind's flank, herself the faithful shadow of that grim Nemesis who was her father.

And presently she saw that Black MacDonald was making straight for the trail that led upward from the valley's floor along a timbered spine toward Stone House. Once in the shadowed dimness of the timber he would be safe, themselves a prey to ambush. She touched the stallion with her heel and surged to Boss John's side, touching him with her hand. As his face turned toward her she made the motion of surrounding with her hands.

GLEASON nodded and swung toward the left. Jane pulled Gray Hawk to the right and sailed away.

And then began the real running of the horses.

Black Mac, looking back, as he was doing constantly now, caught their intention instantly. They saw him raise his right arm and bring the gun it held down on the long roan's side—saw the great horse leap in answer.

Starwind, diverging, fled like the mad thing she was, a silver arrow in the moonlight. And for the first time in her life Jane struck Gray Hawk with her reins.

And for the first time in her life she knew what real speed was!

Up from those dim ancestral years, from unknown desert wastes, there came the spirit of those "blessed horses of the earth" and entered into him. His beautiful head seemed to stretch farther out, his shoulders to drop lower, his great pushing thighs to fling the earth behind him. Gray Hawk at last was running with every ounce he had.

So for a time they all held to this monstrous pace, nearing the rugged skirts of Cedar Roughs. And then the many miles, the grilling run, began to tell upon the roan. Inch by inch he lost his lead. Inch by inch the silvers overhauled him—passed him—began to angle in.

It was then, just when the entrance to his trail and safety lay just ahead, that Black Mac knew his race was run. He deliberately pulled the horse down as much as possible, let them go by, whirled to the right, and took away back down the western edge where the towering Wall stood clear-cut in the moonlight.

The silvers swung west too, and this time they both were on MacDonald's right. But the best of the race was over. The great roan horse was done. He staggered on his feet and all his rider's beating with the gun butt failed to steady him.

IT was at the vast ascending base of Signal Rock that Black Mac whirled and faced his doom. With his back to the Wall, he flung out of his saddle, ran close to the escarpment, and began to shoot.

John Gleason waved a hand to Jane, left Starwind in one jump, and went deliberately forward, on foot, into close gun range, his own weapon spitting as he went.

The girl, sitting her heaving horse, watched wide-eyed and silent, her face death-white, her lips compressed.

She saw the gray head, leonine, shaggy, held high on the straight shoulders as he walked straight into the face of death. And presently she heard his voice, clear between the gunfire, calling strange things to Black Mac standing against the Wall.

"You damned—white-livered skunk!" it was saying between shots. "I'm not killing you—for—my horses—or my—cattle—or the last five years. I'm killing you—for—twenty—years ago—in Texas."

With the last strange words Boss John stopped and staggered, then went on. *One—two—three!* The rapid give-and-take of shots ringing in the moonlit night. One—two—three—four—five! Boss John threw away his empty automatic, reached for its twin. *Snap—snap—snap.* It seemed to Jane, sitting so still, her breath held in her throat, that it would never cease.

And then, all suddenly, it had. She saw her father, weaving on his feet, lower his gun hand. Saw him stand still, face turned toward the Wall.

And then she saw MacDonald meet his death. Saw his knees buckle slowly under him, saw the black head sag forward, saw him go down, slowly, slowly, his hands clawing before him. At the great Wall's foot he lay still.

For a long moment John Gleason stood and watched his enemy, ready at a move to finish his grim work, and there was no mercy in him. Then he turned erratically and came weaving toward her, and Jane knew that he was shot. There was blood on his right hand, and on his cheek, and on the lightness of his blue shirt.

He looked up, and his daughter did not know his face, so changed was it, so grim, so savage, so exalted withal, as if he had somehow cleansed something innocent from defilement.

"You're hurt, John!" she said, half sobbing.

"Sure," he answered. "What did you expect? Give me my mare."

And with amazing and unconquerable strength he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

climbed into his saddle. Slowly he started north, bent now above his saddle horn. And Jane, once more his faithful shadow, rode at his flank.

It was so that they came slowly round the bend below the long field, and met Bob and Sammy and a car full of the Maulin men. They did not stop—for Boss John waved them aside—but turned; and presently they all came into the open space before the big corral.

This was the field of battle—and here lay its sad crop. First, at the edge of the alfalfa field, gallant Smoky, his silver hide shining in the moonlight, his starry eyes dulled forever, a dark spot in the center of his forehead. Then two still forms which Coroner Stead had decently straightened. And a bit beyond a dark face turned to the skies, a strung bow lying at its side—Charlie Stilltongue, once more Black Mac's henchman in that new land to which they both had journeyed.

And in the house lay Barb and Steve, attended by Pomo Belle. All these for that grim toll which Black Mac's arrogance had exacted.

But there was another angle here for Boss John's weary eyes: Coroner Stead, and a group of men handcuffed together, chief of whom, bareheaded and blazing-eyed, was Sheriff Henter. Polk was there, and Black Mac's rider Pillaro, and more of Black Mac's men. Bissard was one of those who lay so decently on the sod.

"Mr. Gleason," said Stead, "we've got them all except MacDonald himself. Unless," hopefully, "you can account for him?"

"I—account for him," said Boss John thickly. "You'll find him at the foot of Signal Rock."

"Good! And now we'd best be going. There's a doctor on the way from Maulin. I hope you're not seriously hurt, Mr. Gleason. The two boys have a scratch or two and there's several among us. This man here, from the Police Department of Los Angeles, is Mr. Armine and my boyhood friend. And I want you to know that we have enough on our friend Sheriff Henter—*ex*-Sheriff Henter—to put him safely away forever. And, by the way, I, as coroner, am the only officer of the county who can arrest its sheriff.

"His identification with a picture in my possession is merely a matter of shaving off his mustache and allowing for a difference in age.

"Now you'd best get yourself to bed, Gleason, and look to your hurts. We'll ask you for the loan of your car and one of your riders to help us get these men to town—and later we'll talk it all over. I think, with Black Mac's gang wiped out, we've accounted for one of the cleverest holdup rings in the coast country. Well, so long! Take care of yourself."

SO it was that after the storm there came the calm. There were lamps in many rooms at Sweet Waters, and the passing feet of Jane and Belle and young Sue, the doctor's ministrations, and long, still figures in the beds.

Barb and Steve had each received a bullet, though neither was badly hurt. It was Boss John who took it standing, as it were, and brought home a near-to-mortal wound. Shot through the breast, his right hand maimed, a deep red trace across his left cheek, he lay in his bed with closed eyes, as if he cared no more for anything.

And in that dark room just beyond lay Black Mac's woman—a mystery and a riddle never to be solved except by him—a late beauty in her grief-worn face.

. . . . . .

In the dawn Bob, who had made the trip to Maulin, came back. He was tired and haggard, and Jane looked at him sorrowfully for the first time in many days.

"There's coffee on the stove," she said quietly, "and Belle has some biscuits left."

"Thanks," he said as quietly.

Then he was out helping Sammy take poor Smoky away to his last bed-down, caring for the mares, seeing what damage had been done to the stable by the loss of its roof and stalls.

Jane watched him from the south window.

How strong he was, how steady, how true to Boss John and his cause! When it came to a choice of allegiance between her father and herself, he had chosen the former because he believed it right to do so, much as it had cost him.

Bitter as she felt toward him for the part he had played in her poor tragedy of love, she must admit these things.

And so she watched him put to rights what he could about the place, and late in the day mount Sparkle and ride away toward the south. Perhaps to see if any living cattle wandered in that ghastly charnel house of Blue Sage Range under the Saw Tooth—perhaps to see if there was water in the springs.

She shook her head and slow tears dimmed her weary eyes.

Surely life had been stern to the Gleason blood and all those who served it.

II

LATE in the night, when the sad house had sunk to its deepest rest, a sound at her window waked her. It was Bob's voice, guarded, low.

"Jane," it said softly, "Jane."

"Yes," said Jane instantly. "What? Boss John?"

Terror gripped her, and she was out of her bed, a wrap across her shoulders, her hand at the door.

"No," said Bob; "no. Come here. I want to talk to you."

She went to the window and saw him, fully dressed, the angle of his broad hat against the stars.

"What is it?" she asked wonderingly.

"Jane," he said straightly, "can you ride again tonight? If you can, dress and slip out. I have the horses ready. I want you to go with me."

"Where? What for?" she asked lowly.

"To Stone House. I think I've found—your Sam Four Sleeps. Steady! *Steady*, Jane!"

He reached swiftly across the sill and caught her as she sank, sagging, against it.

"I'll be ready—in—a minute," she said, struggling to her feet.

So, presently, she rode once again along the open beside the beaten road, that Gray Hawk's feet might make no sound—Gray Hawk, good as new after his great race, fed and rested in Big Lot—and the moonlit world of the ridges and valley swam to her vision.

Her man—her Sam Four Sleeps!

She would see him again, once more behold that wild dark face. That it was Bob who led the way—whose motives, even, she could not guess—mattered not at all. She would see him! He lived and was free of that law which she had helped him to outwit. And her heart pounded in her breast; her vision blurred and cleared and blurred again. Around the bend where the willows grew, along the vast amphitheater of the valley, past Signal Rock they went.

There was nothing lying at its foot now, since the Maulin men had come and gone. Only, a little way beyond, grazing quietly in the moonlight, the great roan racer, who raised his head and sent toward them the hoarse and ringing challenge of his cry. The Squealer, masterless and alone, not dead nor broken nor even weary, it seemed—the sole survivor of that mad host which had swept to battle to remain behind in the peace which had descended.

Jane Gleason's heart thrilled to that call, obsessed as she was, even, by her own tense drama; and she knew in her subconscious depths that some day he would run among the silvers, that she would ride him down the valley's sounding floor. But the trail to Stone House was here, and her thoughts centered painfully on Black Mac's citadel and what she would find there.

Bob rode ahead up the steep and shadowed way, and presently they came into the beaten yard and dismounted, dropping their reins. There was no light in the long stone house, which looked sinister and dark in the moon-

light; but Bob struck the door with a heavy hand and from somewhere in the depths a voice answered. At its sound Jane Gleason's knees threatened to give under her again and she caught at Bob's arm.

"Steady," he said again, and the girl steadied, wiped her wet face with her hand. Then she followed him into the dark and hollow house, the flashlight in his hand picking out the rude furnishings, the rough walls.

They passed through the main room where Black MacDonald had plotted so many evils, through the kitchen where the gaunt woman had slaved and listened, and on into a windowless, dungeonlike place, bare but for a table, a chair, and a bunk against the wall.

From the shadows of this bed a face leaped out as the flashlight found it—a ghastly face, hollow and thin, its great black eyes deep-set. Its hair was long, its cheeks again bearded. But not these, nor all its travail, could blot away its beauty.

At sight of it a sob caught in the girl's throat, and she went forward running, to fall upon her knees at the bed's side and weep from her heart's core.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried. "What have they done to you? What have they done!"

Bob had found a lamp on a shelf and lighted it, and its pale glow filled the room with dreary gleams and shadows.

"A lot—and nothing," said the man gently—"now that I see you once more. Black Mac found me that last day when you were at the cave—soon after. I think he could have killed me then with a good grace for knowing you, for letting a Gleason know about me. But he brought me here instead, and here I've been, a prisoner.

"THE wound—it's not done well, without the sun and the wind to heal it—and your face to look upon. I know what—happened—last night, since your friend here came hunting something at Stone House. I'd have made my get-away, I guess, a little later, after I got a little stronger. They left old Pap and Dud Jones and Tim Binney. But when no one came back at the time they should have come, these precious birds saddled up and drifted in the late night. And the woman had left before. What happened to her? Where did she go?"

"She's dead," said Bob gravely, "at Sweet Waters. We'll bury her in the morning."

"Sorry," said the other sadly. "She was good to me, poor creature."

He was silent a moment.

"Jane," he said presently in an altered voice, "Jane, dear heart, stop crying. Straighten up and listen. You remember I told you a time must come for talk between us. Well, that time has come. It is here now.

"I want to tell you, first of all, that love is a poor word to carry all you mean to me. It is small and weak and useless. I have others in my heart that do it better. Worship—adoration—recompense and expiation.

"Next, I must tell you that I am—I was, rather—Black Mac's supposedly cleverest lieutenant in those—those enterprises which made him rich. Rackets, Jane—bank holdups—I may as well use the bald and bitter words.

"I staged them for him, planned the get-aways. I was successful up until the last—in the South—when they got my confederate, Preacher Bill, and shot me. Frisco Charlie brought me up along the California highways in a truck, under a tarpaulin, among a load of produce; got me a horse at Klamath Lake and I tried to make the rest alone. Would have, too, only the horse threw me somewhere in the sage and went back where it came from. I crawled and crawled—how long I'll never know.

Two horses were coming after him: Starwind, wild, leaping, wide-nostrilled, her eyes as mad as her master's; and Gray Hawk.

"AND then you found me—and you know the rest. I had been here many times before, always under cover, never going with Black Mac to Maulin or anywhere. Only sometimes I got so lonesome that I took a chance and rode the levels out above the Rim. You—know. I came from the East originally. No 'man-hereabouts.'

"And one thing more, dear heart, before I stop. One last and damning thing. I must leave no shadow of deceit between us. It was I who rode the Squealer that night in early summer at Sundown Gap. I fired the shot that so nearly killed your horse. At Black Mac's command. I had never seen you then, and I took you for a boy. It had to be that horse of all horses, you of all women, who found me, carried me to safety, saved my worthless life! Now you know."

Jane, sitting back upon her knees, had listened in silence. "I know," she said. "What does it matter? You are my man!"

Bob Salters, standing back against the wall, his arms folded, gripped his elbows in his hands until the knuckles whitened.

"It does matter!" the low voice went on. "Though to me nothing in this world will ever matter but you and the love you have given me. It shall be my wealth in a barren life, my light in dark places. I was not all bad, Jane, nor always. I was raised like any other middle-class youngster—decent folks, Sunday school, so on. Just got in bad and couldn't get out. I'm out—forever. I'll get away from here somehow and go to the ends of the earth. I'm done!"

Here Salters stepped forward, where he could see Jane's face. "Here's where I take a hand," he said quietly—"where I justify the things I seem to have done to you, Jane. Make no mistake. I am for Boss John and for the law. I have helped to run down this man. I would turn him over to the authorities but for one thing—the fact that you love him. Your happiness, your life—they mean more to me than anything else. They have broken me. Broke me that night at the table when I showed you that picture and saw your face. I knew then I'd weaken, that I couldn't go on. So much for that—for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

my change of purpose. There's one last thing I can do. I can take this man across Washington to the Canadian border and get him over. That I stand ready to do. I stand ready to betray Boss John, at last, for you. For anyone who serves Black MacDonald's people betrays him!"

Jane, on her knees, looked up at him.

"Oh, Bob!" she said. "You would?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "let's go. For where he goes, there I will go too. And the Maulin men will come here soon. We'll have to hurry."

"Yes," said Bob dully, "we'll have to hurry."

But the man on the bed had sat up, swaying with weakness. "No," he said like a shot, "not *we*. I! I'll go, and gladly, friend. But not her. Not you, Jane. Never in this world! I would sooner blow out my worthless brains than defile one hair of your dear head, than bring you one breath of sorrow or regret. Only, let me be alone with you a little while—just a few moments?" he finished to Bob.

Without a word the latter turned and left the little room, closing the door behind him.

How long he waited, his hands again clasping his elbows in a grip of steel, he did not know. Heart's anguish is not measured in time, only in intensity. But after a while he heard the opening of that far door again, heard Jane's dragging feet on the worn boards, heard her weeping in the chill and lonely house.

Her hands were across her face and she stumbled against him, and without a word he put his arm about her shoulders and led her out to where Gray Hawk and Sparkle waited in the yard.

III

IT was gray dawn when Boss John stirred and whispered.

"A car?" he asked Jane, who sat beside him. "Is someone coming?"

"No," she answered. "Going. Bob is leaving—for three days, John. Some business of—of his own. He said to tell you he'd be back and to count on him."

"Sure," he whispered. "Good boy—good son. Own kind. Sweet Waters breed."

"Yes," Jane echoed absently. "Sweet Waters breed."

. . . . .

Just before noon the Maulin men came back, and they had with them the sad accessories of burial. For Bob Salters had told them that Black Mac's woman was to sleep at Sweet Waters—Boss John's orders the night before as they had ridden out to meet her murderer.

There were the formalities of the inquest, a matter of form only, since they all knew how she met her death by reason of her calling the Gleasons to witness the same, and by late afternoon she lay in the big room in the only peace and elegance she had known for almost twenty years. The glamour of her sin had been short-lived.

There was beauty in her now, since Jane's unknowing fingers had arranged the darkly silver hair more softly about the gaunt face, had dressed her in the silken clothes which Bob had had them bring.

A minister was there, who spoke ramblingly of the thief who hung on one of the three crosses on Golgotha and held up the hope of the world to his hearers.

The door to John Gleason's room stood open and he lay looking out with deep and haggard eyes. At the conclusion of the simple rites, he asked that Sammy help to carry her, that Jane walk first in the meager procession, and that they come for a moment to his bed.

Wonderingly they did his bidding, and the old man raised himself to look long upon the still face.

Then he turned to the wall, and there was the shuffling of feet as Black Mac's woman went out in that grace and majesty which the ultimate sacrifice had brought her.

. . . . .

The days and the nights—three of them, four—and John Gleason rocking on the edge of eternity, Jane moving in a dream of sorrow, of resignation, Barb and Steve recovering after the swift fashion of healthy youth, and the calm face of Pomo Belle everywhere like a tower of strength.

Twilight again at the end of the fourth day. It seemed it was always twilight when deep things happened in the valley of the Sweet Waters. On the open stretch of the long alfalfa field toward the south the silvers grazed in unprecedented freedom. There was nothing in all the peaceful land to harm them now.

To this quiet spot Bob Salters came rattling home in the old car.

He came into the dining room and stood under the hanging lamp's yellow light, lean, weary, the dust of many miles caked on his face, his clothes. And his first words were for Boss John, though his tired eyes were on Jane's face.

"How is he?" he asked.

"Holding his own," the girl said.

"Can I see him?"

"Yes."

HE went to Boss John's room and entered softly.

"Eh?" the old man asked of the dusk.

"I'm home, boss," his rider answered. "Bob."

"Hello, son. Glad you're back. With Barb and Steve down you're needed bad. Good trip?"

"Fair. It was a secret trip, boss. My secret. Something I had to do. Nothing I couldn't tell, but something I don't want to. I hope you'll understand," he finished anxiously.

Boss John reached out weakly, clasped his hand.

"Do. Perfectly. Had many secrets myself in my life. Whatever it was that took you on that trip, I'll stake on its rightness. Say no more about it. Tomorrow you come in and we'll talk over what we've got to do before snow flies—and that's a plenty."

"Sure," said Bob. "Bright and early. So long!"

As he passed out of the house and down the path to the bunkhouse to remove the traces of his long drive, he saw Jane leaning on the corral fence at its far end. She was looking down the valley where the horses grazed, and he knew that she would wait until he joined her there.

It was dark when he came along the path toward her, the moon not yet risen. And he thought how dark his life seemed now, its moonlight gone out with the broken man whom he had spirited away, since Jane Gleason's heart had gone with him.

He came softly and leaned on the rail beside her and smiled down into the face she turned up to him in the darkness. "Honey," he said—and caught himself—"Jane, I want to tell you that everything went O. K. Made the trip in good shape. Got some money from a fella I know at The Dalles. Set—our man—across the line under the very noses of the authorities. He's going to take ship for Australia at the first seaport he makes. Seemed a lot better already. Think it will be all right from all sides. Thought you'd like to know."

For a long time Jane Gleason did not answer.

She stood beside him in the night, and it seemed that what was in her heart was too deep for words. Bob felt it so and spoke no more.

But presently she turned and, putting her hand on his arm, turned him to face her.

"Bob," she said, "I have much to say to you. For these four days I have passed through deep waters. Deep waters of the spirit. I have lived over again this whole past year. The winter, when I seemed like another person—a careless girl scrapping with you boys, playing for Boss John. The spring, when I rode with you and saw the flowers come in every little cup of the hills. The early summer, when you—when you kissed me and a little later told me that if anything happened to me the earth might as well dissolve. I knew you loved me then, and I think I was beginning to love you, too, a little—th

uncertain loving of inexperience. And it was just then that life took hold of me, Bob—flung me into the fire of danger and deceit and such wild passion of love that I forgot you—and everything else in this world!"

Her low voice broke a little, but she went on: "This man was my man." (She did not notice that she spoke in the past tense as we speak of the dead, but her hearer did.) "He was my own man, and I would have followed him to the ends of the earth on my knees if he would have let me!"

The catch in her voice became a sob and for a little she was silent. Then she took up her confession again:

"Make no mistake about that. I am empty, drained, a shell of a woman. But I have learned one thing, and it is this. I have seen a man among men. A man such as women dream about all their lives and rarely find. A man of such great inner beauty, such gentle strength, such truth and steadfast faith as I shall never find again in all this world."

"Sure, I know," said Bob Salters gently. "I know, Jane. I felt his charm myself. No one can blame you."

The girl shook her head.

"No, Bob," she said, "not him. Yourself! Wait. Let me go on. I must finish it all. Yourself! Who stood by us to this bitter end. Who would not let me disgrace Boss John if you could help it, at the great price—I know how great—of earning my hatred. Who tried to save me from myself. Who have been Boss John's strength and his comfort. Who have loved us all more deeply than blood loves its own, I think. And who have proved that love in this last hard thing you've done for me. I know what it cost you, loving me, to hear me beg to go with another, to hear me say I loved that other—and through it all to be so steadfast.

"YOU are the best and biggest man in all this world—barring Boss John himself—and I never want to lose you out of my life. I want to be near you always, to come to you for comfort as I have done so long. I am crushed and broken now, Bob, and what has gone out of my heart will never come back to it—the passion and fire, the heights and depths of great love. But deep down in me, under all the stress and strain, there is something else which I believe will grow in beauty with the years. It is that calm thing which sprang alive in me with your first kiss, and which nothing has ever killed—neither the great joy which I have experienced, nor the great sorrow, nor the hatred which flared in me for you when I thought you had betrayed me.

"It is little I offer you, and it may be long in blooming—maybe a year, maybe two. But it was once a sweet thing, Bob. And if you want to wait—if you love me enough after all I've done to you—why—I want you to!"

Bob Salters did not speak. He stood so long in silence that Jane put up a hand and fumbled at her throat.

WELL, it was a sorry thing she offered him, but all she had left of her gay youth, her devil-may-care which he had loved. All, that was, unless one counted the clear vision of womanhood, the depth of understanding, the almost passionate affection which she felt for him, the yearning pulling at her now to rest her tired head above his heart.

He did not speak—and she did not know he could not. It was not until he took her hands in his and bending down laid his face, wet with man's tears, upon them, that she knew.

"A year," he said brokenly—"two years—five—twenty! Wait? Why, Jane, I'd wait forever and count myself rich in that waiting! I'll wait until you come to me of your own will and say it is enough. Come, the past is dead and done with. Tomorrow is a new day and you're dead-weary. You'll sleep tonight."

He slipped her cold hand through his arm and turning led her up the path to the veranda steps. There he patted the fingers clasped tight round his and let her go. "Have Belle serve her breakfast early, Jane," he said. "We start clearing the stable for its new roof in the morning and must be stepping lively. Want it all fixed by the time Boss John gets round again. There's a mighty lot of work for all of us, and work's a prime healer. I'll need more help than Sammy, with the others out of commission. Think you could lend me a hand?"

Jane's dark eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Bob!" she said. "There never was a man like you. Yes, I'll help."

"Fine. Atta girl! Good night, honey—Jane," said Bob.

THE END

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Thinking Isn't Swearing

Billy was teasing his pet cat and the cat scratched him. Billy screamed at it, "You damn' cat!"

His mother corrected him, promising severe punishment if he said such a word again. The next day he was scratched again. Looking at the cat, Billy said, "You're just the same kind of a cat you were yesterday!"—Vade Davis, 441 Hays Ave., Jackson, Tenn.

Can Teachers Run?

Georgia was teaching her sister Betty, age four, to write. Betty was not in just the right humor for a lesson and refused to write. Georgia said, "Betty, when you start to school, if you act dumb like that, your teacher will spank you."

To which Betty replied, "Oh, yeah? How fast can she run?"—Mrs. W. McCann, 2130 Ashland Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

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More "Easy Money" for Cross-Worders

$500 PUZZLE CONTEST

68 Big Cash Prizes that Must Be Paid!

LIBERTY will pay the prizes listed below to the sixty-eight of our readers whose entries in this week's cross-word-puzzle contest are adjudged the best in accordance with the contest rules. This is important money at any time. Right now $100, $50, $25, or one of the many $5 prizes is something anyone would be happy to win. Why not file your own claim? Your chance to get into the money is excellent. The puzzle appears on the adjoining page. Read the rules and get busy.

Below are listed the winners of the May 7 contest. We regret that space does not permit publication of the letters which accompanied the puzzle solutions submitted by the winners. However, in the event that any contestant is interested, copies of the letters of the major prize winners are available in multigraph form and will be mailed upon request.

Each of the winners listed will receive a check for the amount of his or her prize forthwith.

Get into this week's contest and look for your name when the winners are announced.

THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.

3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."

4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.

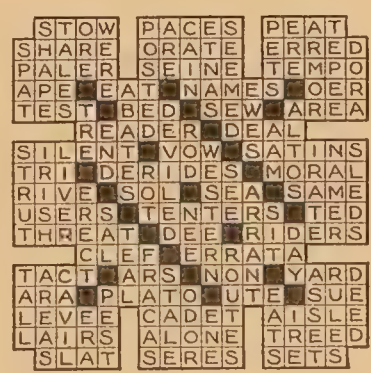
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.

6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

2. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, June 27, 1932.

Here Are the May 7 Awards



THE SOLUTION

$100 FIRST PRIZE
BESS MITCHELL
Middletown, Ohio

$50 SECOND PRIZE
JUDGE GEORGE O. CANAGA
Cadiz, Ohio

$25 THIRD PRIZE
ELIZABETH GRATHWOHL
Laurium, Mich.

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Howard M. Foerster, Chicago, Ill.; Millicent E. Krauth, New York, N. Y.; B. W. Giersberg, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mae Oswald, Batesville, Ind.; John W. Shelhammer, Milwaukee, Wis.; John J. Maurin, Helena, Mont.; Mrs. C. R. Sprague, Evanston, Ill.; Agnes M. Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Anna V. Gudonis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stephen V. Powell, Long Island City, N. Y.; Jane A. Glennon, Chicago, Ill.; Gertrude Hill, Chicago, Ill.; Grace Boswell, Portsmouth, Va.; Amelia E. Reese, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. D. Russell Lanier, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mary Manning, Boston, Mass.; Truman G. Brooke, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. L. Faurot, San Francisco, Calif.; J. W. James, Columbus, Ohio.

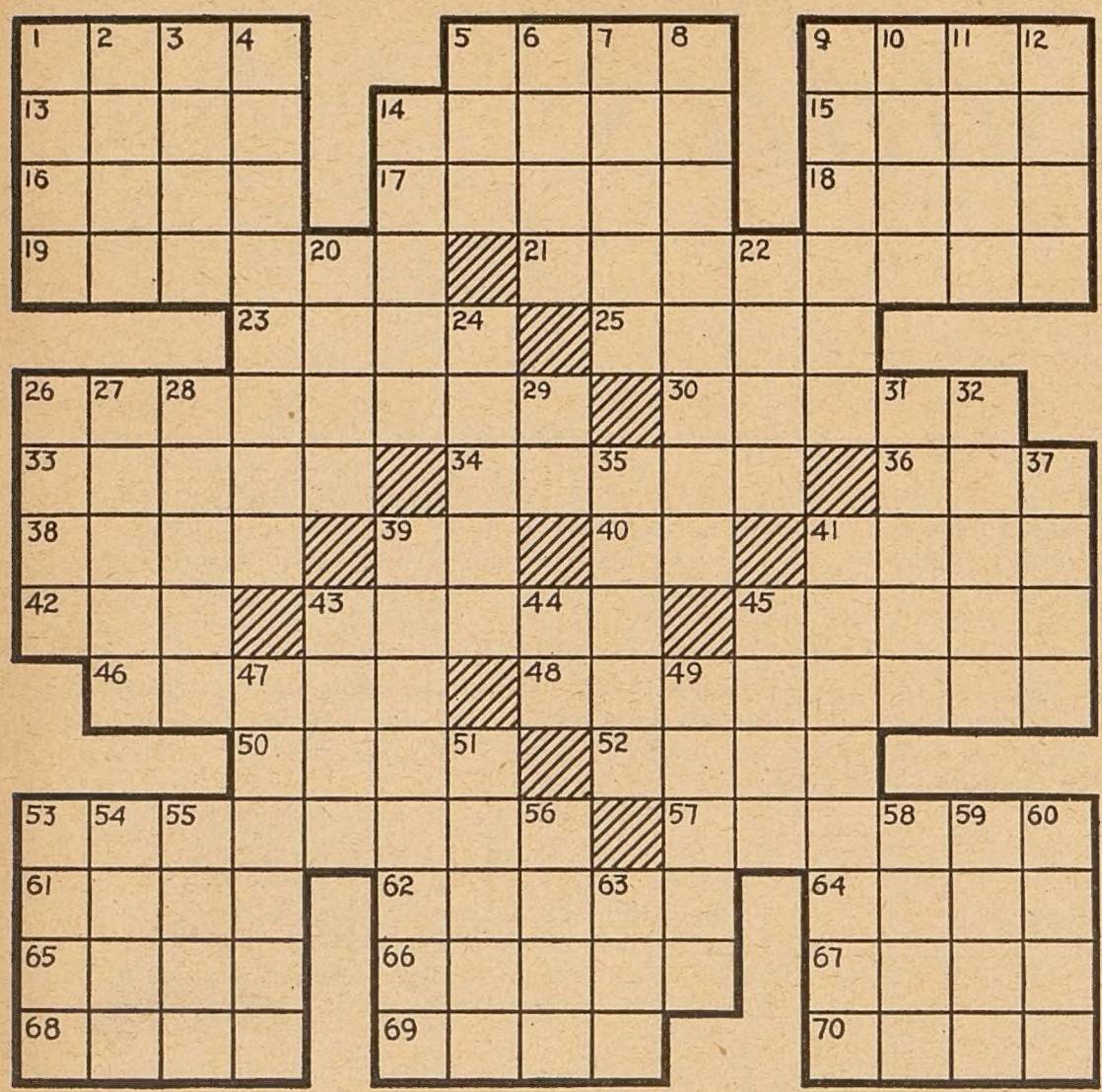
Hazel G. Miller, Granger, Ind.; Jean Phelps, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. D. G. Rogers, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. H. J. Danelz, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. E. V. Fuller, Park Rapids, Minn.; H. F. Baldwin, Woburn, Mass.; Mrs. Roy N. Noble, Joy, Ill.; Alice Buckler, Fontana-Geneva Lake, Wis.; Christian Schwartz, Detroit, Mich.; John M. Malone, Racine, Wis.; Pearl Hunt, South Bend, Ind.; Ruby F. Benedict, Detroit, Mich.; Eleanor Lyons, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. G. Bowers, Vinton, Va.; N. E. Bates, Jr., Wilmington, Del.; Clyde Davis Tucker, Laurel, Miss.; Helen L. Keeler, Sidney, Ohio; Robt. A. Gray, Vidalia, La.; Isabelle Cornish, St. Paul, Minn.; Harold B. Phillips, Auburn, Me.; Sam B. Carr, Sumner, Miss.; Lillian Kopf, Louisville, Ky.; Jack Maxwell, San Francisco, Calif.; George Jewell, Charlestown, Mass.; R. S. Cameron, Iroquois, S. D.; Dorothy McMahon, Lancaster, Wis.; J. G. Porter, Chicago, Ill.

Arthur J. Brown, Chester, Pa.; Elizabeth Renwick, Chicago, Ill.; David V. Irvin, Jr., Baltimore, Md.; Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Calif.; O. L. Bonney, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Ruth Virden, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Rose M. Shaw, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Ione Kramer, Kankakee, Ill.; Mrs. E. M. Crim, Winston-Salem, N. C.; M. G. Morris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. D. Wallis, Scranton, Pa.; Helen Jean Piley, Tulsa, Okla.; George F. Dutt, Charleston, W. Va.; James A. Higgins, Troy, N. Y.; Ida Sander, New Orleans, La.; Sophie C. Nadler, Bronx, N. Y.; Miles Irish, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Wm. K. Philps, Huntingdon, Que.; Ralph F. Sweeney, Springfield, Ill.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 10



HORIZONTAL

1 Any of several oscine birds
5 Young woman
9 Otherwise
13 A plexus, especially one of blood vessels or nerves
14 Jaunty; trim
15 Mount on or as on wings
16 One of the chief deities of the Egyptian pantheon
17 Consisting of oak
18 Combining form signifying equal
19 Son of Apollo and Manto (Greek mythology)
21 Causing dryness
23 The seventh asteroid, or small planet
25 In or toward the bow of a ship
26 A white solid resembling lime and baryta
30 Small reddish deer of the Andes (plural)
33 Fish-eating diving birds
34 Plunders
36 Spanish word for river
38 Bustles
39 The symbol for an element
40 While
41 Utilized
42 A dance step or movement
43 Enthusiasm
45 Small platform of the stand of a microscope
46 Yttrium sesquioxide
48 Babbler
50 Woman's name
52 To turn about a fixed point (nautical)
53 Marked commendation
57 Invasion
61 Cabbage
62 Become lively
64 Measure of length
65 Native name of an Asiatic country
66 Feminine personal name
67 An emperor of Rome
68 Small notch or hollow; indentation
69 Separate into parts with force
70 Developed by degrees

VERTICAL

1 Stuff
2 Combining form meaning blood
3 On or at the topmost part
4 State of being strained to stiffness (plural)
5 A pasture or meadow
6 Large flatboats used on western American rivers
7 Lapidary's polishing wheel
8 Elision of one or more letters from a word (plural)
9 Discovered, as a distant object
10 To spend time in idleness
11 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
12 Man's name
14 Assert as a fact (logic)
20 Vases
22 Region of the hind leg of a quadruped
24 Procreated
26 Strike with the open hand
27 Nowadays
28 Perch
29 Scoriated lava
31 The fur seal
32 Continued attempt to gain possession
35 Young salmon (plural)
37 River in Germany
39 Granulated
41 Speaking
43 Titular character in a Verdi opera
44 Assimilated form taken by ob- before p
45 To render senseless by a blow
47 To become less harsh or cruel
49 Range into rows
51 Off the main track or way
53 Sour
54 One of the minute spots mottling the sun
55 Chart
56 Smooth; level
58 A unique or extraordinary thing (slang)
59 Measure of area
60 Lateen-rigged vessel of Arabia
63 Antiquity

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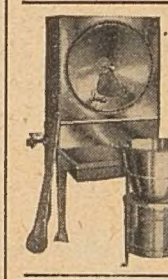

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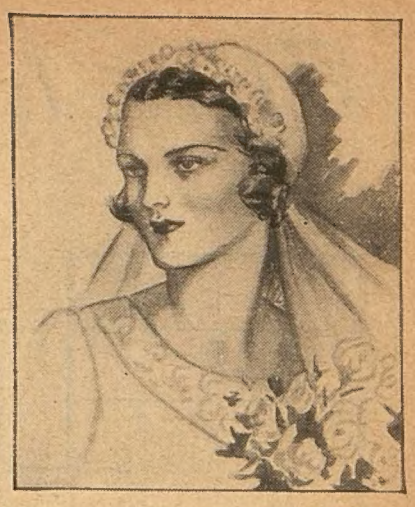
To the Ladies!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

CLARA LAUGHLIN writes all those So You're Going books—So You're Going to France, or to Germany, or Italy—and " So " forth. Has authored forty volumes, most of them on travel, and is considered the world's champion lady expert on globe-trotting. She is also a siren, a vampire, a leader-astray. She makes you itch to be off somewhere, whether you can afford it or not. And now she's bringing up her two young nieces to pipe the same tune. Aged seventeen and fifteen, they have already written three travel books of their own. Their names are Betty and Mary, and they've been globe-trotting for five years.

In Betty and Mary you can see the educational effects of travel on the young. You know how most girls in their teens stick up their noses at their elders, can't be bothered with old-fogy people—meaning people over twenty years of age. Well, these two little So You're Going girls are different. Travel, world-wide experience, have taught them to realize that people of all ages can be good company.

Clara Laughlin

" Old gentlemen especially," says Betty.

" Because they tell the best stories," says Mary.

" And have the best manners," Betty concludes.

They and their aunt go traveling every year. Last year they went to Italy, visiting Baron Franchetti, who owns more medieval castles than you could shake a stick at. That was because his ancestors believed a gentleman should always sleep under his own roof, no matter how much he gadded around the country. So they built themselves castles all over Italy.

This year Clara Laughlin and her nieces are going to Greece by way of Germany, where they will stay a while in the very castle where Wagner's Siegfried slew his dragons and rescued his damsels fair.

And if you don't think I'd rather be going with them than writing about them—you're out of your mind.

"AT my age!"

Alarm and embarrassment shook the voice of the woman who spoke. She was forty-five years old, already a grandmother, and she had just found out that she was going to have a baby. " I'd love to have another child," she said. " It would make me feel young again. But I hate the way my grown-up children are going to laugh at me."

Interested in her problem, I asked a New York maternity specialist about the risks of having children after forty. " Not particularly dangerous," he told me, " if the woman has had children before. Fear of ridicule raises the greatest hazard. That's what drives women of this age to dangerous abortions."

Here is a situation in which fun-making seems to me to be in the worst possible taste. I have seen many times what extraordinary joy a " December child " can bring into the lives of middle-aged couples.

WE had our first thunderstorm the other night. Zip went the lightning, crash went the thunder! I had company at the time—five women friends—and none of us felt " scared."

This fact was noticed, remarked about. It brought forth recollections of the fright our mothers and grandmothers used to show. Why aren't we women afraid of thunderstorms any more? Is it part of our modernity?

Thunderstorms still affect some of us. If we're sensitive to low barometric pressure, as many women are, or to a lot of electricity in the air, then they make us " feel funny."

I know women who can " feel " a thunderstorm coming on several hours before a sign of it is seen. I'm like that myself.

Cats are, too, by the way. They often grow fidgety a few hours before a thunderstorm arrives.

The nervous effect of atmospheric pressure and electricity on women may, perhaps, explain a belief popularly held in Europe.

Over there they say that married couples are prone to quarrel easily just before a thunderstorm.

READ the new novel, State Fair, by Phil Stong. Here you will find a Main Street that is true to life and full of amusement. (The Century Company.)

A BIG iridescent sea shell, a rough stone wonderful with clusters of uncut amethyst, a lacelike spray of feathery coral—I saw these objects recently in the home of a nice old couple who haven't changed a mite since the Victorian era. And I was glad to see them. I shall always remember the paper weight of amethystine rock that stood on my father's desk. It fascinated me beyond words.

Such natural objects used as ornaments were, I think, one of the few good features of Victorian art. For some reason, the " arty " moderns who go into raptures about Victorian furniture, carpets, etc., seem to prefer the plush trash of that period.

How about a revival of these nature ornaments, which are just as amusing and beautiful as ever, and can be obtained so reasonably at almost any natural history museum?

THE Belgians stuff their tomatoes quite differently than we do. Their way makes a novel and pretty dish, very cool and summery. Why not try it for a change?

Skin the tomatoes. Hollow them out. Drain well. Put a few drops of vinegar in each.

Chill them.

Now cook some finely sliced string beans. Drain, and stir in a thick cream sauce, well flavored, with the raw yolk of an egg added to it. Use 1 cup of sauce to 1½ cups of beans.

Cool the mixture. Shake the vinegar out of the tomatoes, stuff with the creamed beans, and cover with pale green mayonnaise. (Tint the mayonnaise with vegetable coloring.)

Sprinkle chopped parsley on top. Chill thoroughly before serving.

Beware of fads

where your health is concerned

It's all right to follow the fads in style. But beware of fads where your health is concerned!

It's dangerous to jump at the first new name in medicine without knowing what it's all about.

Many laxatives have come and gone since Ex-Lax was offered to the public twenty-five years ago.

But Ex-Lax holds its place as the leading laxative—winning new friends every year. Exactly 30,764,746 boxes of Ex-Lax were sold in 1931.

What Doctors look for in a Laxative

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.
It should not rush food through the stomach.
It should not disturb digestion.
It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.
It should not gripe.
It should not be habit-forming.
It shouldn't irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

Ex-Lax checks on every one of these points.

Doctors know that the only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is pure phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

Doctors know that the most delightful way of taking phenolphthalein is the Ex-Lax way. The special Ex-Lax process combines a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Why Ex-Lax is different

Violent laxatives often cause permanent damage to the intestines—and are a contributing cause to chronic constipation.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action. It does not *force* them. It acts naturally, but surely.

Ex-Lax isn't habit-forming. It won't gripe. It is not absorbed by the system.

Checks on every point the doctor looks for	
SAFE ✓	DOESN'T CAUSE HABIT ✓
GENTLE ✓	NOT ABSORBED BY SYSTEM ✓
EASY TO TAKE ✓	NO EMBARRASSMENT ✓
THOROUGH ✓	DOES NOT UPSET DIGESTION ✓

Don't gamble with your health!

Insist on time-tried Ex-Lax—in the little blue box. Ex-Lax has stood the test for twenty-five years. At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, and 50c sizes. Or send the coupon below for a free sample.

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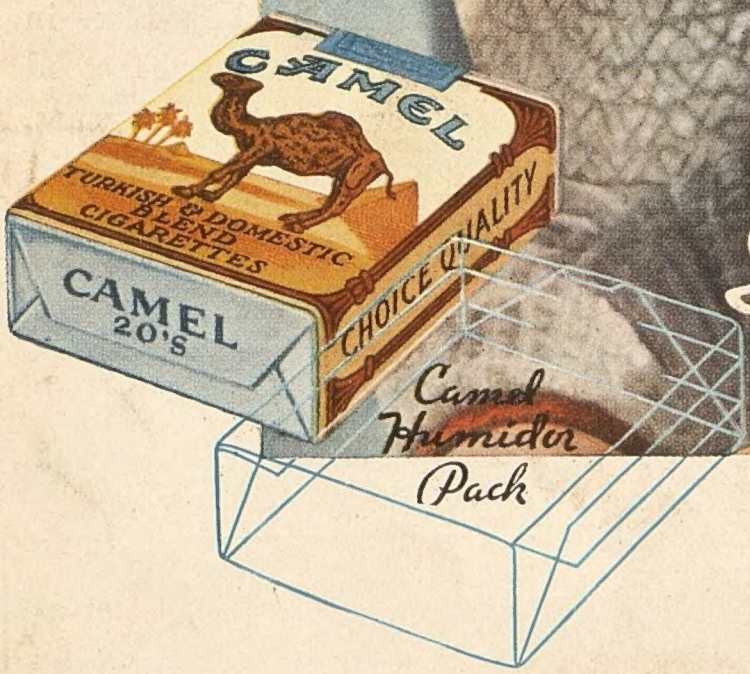

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